



JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 950.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1924.

TWOPENCE.

DRINK
AND
ENJOY

LIPTON'S
TEA

THE
LARGEST
NET PAID
SALES
OF ANY
2d. WEEKLY
PERIODICAL
IN THE
WORLD

DOOM OF THE MEDICINE BOTTLE

By Lt. Col. F.E. Fremantle M.P., F.R.C.S.



A Hint For The Holidays

Quite a number of people return from their holidays not much better in health. The reason is very often that the change in food and habits upset their digestion and cause biliousness and other ailments. Such trouble may easily be avoided by taking a few doses of Beecham's Pills during the first days of the change. This will keep the stomach, liver and bowels in order while the system is accommodating itself to the new conditions and enable one to derive the greatest benefit from the holidays.

Beecham's Pills

GRAVES

STYLISH
COSTUMES.

Every lady should write at once for the Graves Magnificent Display of Costumes.

All Garments warranted of best make throughout.

From 5/- monthly.

The finest qualities, the most becoming fashions.

Costumes delivered to approved orders on receipt of first payment. Balance monthly if satisfied. Money back if in any way disappointed.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

Complete ranges of styles and Patterns of Costumes, Robes, Wraps, &c. Post Free. State which you require.

I.C. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

BE LUCKY!

Thousands attribute their wonderful change in fortune solely to the mysterious powers of the Ju-Ju Nigerian Masoot. Read this striking letter—one of hundreds received.

"118, Trevelyan Road,

"Brookley, London, S.E. 4.

"25th July, 1924.

"Dear Sir,—Thanks to the 'Ju-Ju' Masoot I have just won the FIRST PRIZE in the Referee Racing Competition. My name will appear in next Sunday's issue, July 27th.

"Yours truly, T. PURCHASE."

Place your trust in the JU-JU—and success will surely follow.

Money refunded if not approved.

Sterling Silver, 8s. 1 Post

9s. Gold, 41 1 Free.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.),

Imperial Building, Watling Road,

Bromley-on-Sea.

Also from Gamage's, London.



IS IT REALLY CURED?

Sufferers from Venereal Diseases who give up treatment without the doctor's consent are running a grave risk of dangerous complications and permanent ill-health. The symptoms sometimes disappear for a time, but the patient may remain infective and the trouble break out with renewed violence if treatment has been abandoned. The only satisfactory assurance of a permanent cure is a clean bill of health from the doctor.

Those desiring free information about Venereal Diseases should apply in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, N.C.C.V.D., 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Five useful booklets for Parents, 1s. 4d. the set, post 6/-; six useful booklets for Girls, 1s. 5d. the set, 6/-; seven useful booklets for Young Men, 1s. 6d. the set, post free.



WHY not take a simple precaution during your holidays against the effects of dust and sun on your eyes?

SINGLETON'S

SEYE OINTMENT'S

Only costs 2/9 a pot and is procurable from all Chemists. It has a reputation over 300 years old and its soothing and curative powers are unique.

AVOID SUBSTITUTES.

Write for Free Booklet.

Stephen Green, Ltd.,
210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1



The saddest moment of their lives

THE hungry flames leap higher and higher; walls totter and come crashing down. The pathetic little group that is huddled together on the fringe of the raging furnace sees the home that has taken a lifetime of toil and saving to get together swept away before their eyes.

Tragedies such as these are constantly occurring, but many families have blessed the day when they registered for "John Bull's" Free Insurance Gift and were able to make a fresh start.

If a stray spark should set fire to your home would you be qualified to receive a Generous Free Benefit? Fire, Flood, Storm, Accident, Sickness—you run the risk of these every day. Sign the forms NOW.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID — 13 160.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.2. I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....Age.....

in full (CAPITAL LETTERS)

Address.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't post envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and carrying registration will be sent on receipt of 1d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B., 16/8/24

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

J.B., 16/8/24

JOHN BULL'S GREAT OFFER

JOHN BULL, Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.2.

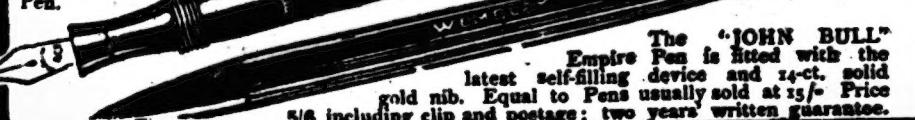
Send me the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (including postage and pen clip) or return in new condition within three days.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

If remittance sent cross P.O./cheque "A.C." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium, or broad nib. J.B. 16/8/24

To commemorate the EMPIRE EXHIBITION we will send a beautiful 2/6 WEMBLEY SOUVENIR Pencil, complete with refills and clip, and emblazoned in gold, with the Wembley Insignia, free to every purchaser of the "JOHN BULL" Self-Filling Empire Pen.



The "JOHN BULL" Empire Pen is fitted with the latest self-filling device and 14-ct. solid gold nib. Equal to Pens usually sold at 15/- Price 5/6 including clip and postage; two years written guarantee.

THIS COUPON BRINGS A
2/6 WEMBLEY SOUVENIR FREE!

What JOHN BULL gives.

FIRE

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to fire at registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250—or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader—

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£5 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500—or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65 who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that, in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary prices. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — **W. G. G. Ware**, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ALL OPEN—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS With 22—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best House for Beginners. Send for free catalogue. — **H. Marks**, 51, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

A.M.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to Start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day. — **Cochrane's Warehouse**, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

UNUSUAL Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free. — **H. H. Clegg** (Dept. J.B.), 68, High Street, Manchester.

SELL "Superly" Toilet Preparations. Big, great profits. Sample Range 2/6. — **Superly**, 21, Linwood Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.

DRAPERS, Makers-up, Beginners. Wholesale List free. Remnants, Cut Lengths. — **L. & L. Ltd.**, 30A, Commercial Road, London, E.C.1.

LACE & EMBROIDERY, wholesale. — **Torchen, Vals, Gulpure, Vilt, Velle, Flouncing, Longkith.** Free list and lace cuttings. — **Abbit, Lace Co.** (Dept. B.), 118-6, Houndsditch, E.C.1.

DRAPERS AND MARKETMEN. Cheap lines in great variety. Lists from **Chew & Co.**, Roger St. Warehouse, Manchester. (Wholesale.)

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to **FREE-MAN'S**, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AGENTS WANTED. — **Tens and Coffers.** Easy Profits. — **Smith and Kay**, Spring Street, Rugby, Leics.

AGENTS WANTED. — **Christmas Chocolate and Tobacco Clubs.** Best makes. Generous Terms. No outlay. Write NOW. Parties Free. — **Amelia Davis**, Dept. J.B., Regent St., Sheffield.

AGENTS wanted for renowned "Snowball" Christmas Cards & Calendars. £3 weekly easily made. Samples free. Highest comm., 50 per cent. — **Dept. F.**, Minister Press, Preston.

AMAS Chocolate Clubs. — **Spore-time Agents** wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free. — **Samuel Driver**, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

CHRISTMAS Chocolate and Cigarette Clubs. — **Agents** wanted. Good commission and special present. 1448 choice lines. Send p.c. for price lists, club cards, etc. — **Dennis & Co.**, Dept. H., Albert Road, Colne, Lancs.

AGENTS required to form Christmas Chocolate Clubs: best makes only; 4/6 in the 2 coin.; no outlay. — **Popular Co.**, Dept. B., 71-3, Judd Street, London, W.C.1.

AMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS. — **Agents** wanted. Good cash comm. No outlay. Best makes. Write early to qualify for special Prize Scheme. — **Embassy Chocolate Co.**, BRIGHOUSE.

LATEST NOVELTY. — **Great fun** maker and startling seller. Buying Agents, hawkers wanted. Big profits. — **11B, Silver St., Tamworth.**

4/- IN THE 2 COMMISSION for holding Chocolate Clubs. Particulars free. — **W. Perkins**, Crescent, Walsall.

IF YOU want AGENTS—the kind that build to, bigger and better businesses—try a little Ad. under this heading. Men who are over on the look-out for a better opportunity or who seek to augment their income read these ads., and you will find them keenly responsive to your offer. Send your ad. to-day to the Small advertisement Dept., John Bull, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing remittance payable to Odhams Press Ltd., at the rate of 8/- per line of approximately 6 words, 3 lines minimum.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

ALL MEN WHO ARE DISCONTENTED WITH THEIR PRESENT JOBS and want a better one at a higher salary, can learn how to get one by reading an interesting Free Book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." Write for it to-day. — **The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College**, 28T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT. — **Become** a qualified Motor Driver with Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free. Write or call Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 6, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Also apprenticeships in Automobile Engineering. — **Amby Chief Engineer**.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Armourers, Carpenters (for training as Carpenter Riggers), Electricians, Electrical Fitters, Engine Driver Fitters, Power Station Engineers, Instrument Engineers, Smiths and Sheet Metal Workers, and Wireless Operators. — **Age limits:** Ex-Servicemen, 18 to 30; all others, 18 to 26. Pay from 21/- to 38/6 per week on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 21, Church Street, Birmingham, and 105, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

GRAVES

LOUNGE SUITS.

Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments.

WE DELIVER the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6

with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded in full if at all disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE.

Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. Prices from 60/-

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

From 7/6 monthly

Pleasant Value in the World.

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SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Rate: 8/- a line (Minimum 24/-).

57, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 66 Provincial and London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 20 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/8. Many others. Prospectus free. — **Central Press** (Series Dept. 66), 190, Strand, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — **Write for particulars.** — **H. Levaline** (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD UP a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. Write. — **Noble Bros.**, Peiham Street, Nottingham.

PRINTING. — **10,000 Handbills or Billboards** at 3/6 per 1,000. Memos, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 3d. postage. — **Mead & Son**, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

IF YOU BELL MAIL ORDER and your lines appeal to the "Million," describe them in these classified columns. One regular **JOHN BULL** Want-Ad. user writes: "I would be sorry to manage a mail order business without it." Rate 8/- per line (about six words). Minimum charge 24/-. For further proof of the pulling power of **JOHN BULL**, Want Ads., or in sending an ad., address **Small Advertisements Manager, JOHN BULL**, 57-9, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

KEEP YOUR TROUSERS "POSH." — **8/- only** buys the British-made "Climax" Patent Trousers Press. Solidly constructed, with nickel fittings and polished Jacobean, this press is wonder value. It is sold direct to the public by the manufacturers, The London Road Manfg. Co., Staines, Middx., and the price includes carriage anywhere in the U.K. Send to-day.

NOW IS THE TIME for you to buy your new Cycle—a Hearn Cycle. Catalogue of this and other high-grade mounts free on receipt of a postcard. Send for this money-saving catalogue to-day to Hearn Cycle Co. (Dept. X.), 254, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

FREE. — **Beautifully coloured folders** of latest JUNO Cycles and JUNO Baby Cars. State whether Cycle or Baby Car list required. — **Address:** Juno Cycle and Baby Car Co., Dept. D3, 168 and 248, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION. — **MASSAGE** Experts wanted everywhere. — **Enter** this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. — **47, Anne Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.**

HOW TO BECOME A FILM ARTIST tells you the way it can be done. Price 2/3 post free. — **Picturegoer Salon**, 55, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Are You Afraid of Going Bald?

Amazing Discovery of Hairgrowing Secret. Proved by over 1,000 Doctors.

32-PAGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK FREE.

If you are afraid of going bald, if your hair causes you the slightest anxiety, if it is dry and brittle, full of scurf or dandruff, if it is fading or falling out, even if you are bald, send a card at once for a free copy of an intensely interesting 32-page illustrated book about the startling hairgrowing discovery that has caused such a sensation in medical circles.

ITS SENSATIONAL SUCCESS.

So amazing has been the success of this new hair food, Humagsolan, that a special complimentary edition of its explanatory treatise has been prepared, and you should apply at once by letter or postcard to make sure of obtaining your free copy. It gives in clear, easy to understand language full details of the discovery that has revolutionised hair treatment. And it tells how Humagsolan has conquered hair troubles that have hitherto defied every form of treatment.

For years Scientists have known that the origin of nearly all hair troubles is malnutrition of the hair roots. Dr. David Walsh, M.D. Edin., points out: "... Like all other tissues of the body, hair derives its nourishment from the blood."

You, probably, and most of the general public do not know this, but the Medical Profession knows it, and that is why

OVER A THOUSAND DOCTORS

have proved that this new hair food does cure hair troubles and brings a luxuriant growth of hair to the head that was going bald. From the moment the treatment is commenced Humagsolan stops the hair from

falling out, and it begins to grow stronger and thicker; bald patches disappear and natural vigorous growth is resumed.

EFFECT NOTICED AT ONCE.

Humagsolan has been known to effect this wonderful change in the short space of a fortnight. Success can practically be guaranteed with one month's course of treatment. Many wise people who rejoice in good heads of hair take Humagsolan regularly to preserve its health. It will improve even the most beautiful hair.

If you have the slightest anxiety about your hair, if you are faced every morning with Nature's warning, do not delay! Send a letter or card for a special free copy of the intensely interesting 32-page illustrated book which embodies the whole of this interesting subject, together with sketches showing how hair grows, the position of the hair roots and how they function, etc. It also includes chapters on Hygiene of the Hair, Your Brush and Comb, Scurf and Dryness, Greasy Hair, Splitting Hair, Baldness, Nervous and Constitutional Troubles, Loss of Colour, Greyness, Alopecia, What the Doctors say, etc.

DO NOT DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY.

Do not hesitate to apply for a copy of the book. It is sent to you post free and implies no obligation on your part whatever.

If you care to state in confidence any particulars concerning the nature of your hair trouble, a personal letter of advice will be sent free of all obligation. **HUMAGSOLAN, LTD.**, 717, Faraday House, 10, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

WHIST DRIVES, Socials, Dances, Concerts. New list of printing free. — **Stafford & Co.**, Ltd., Netherfield, Notts.

BARGAIN SALES.

BEDSTEADS, etc. DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated list post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices? — **Established 35 years.** — **CHARLES BILEY**, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

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BILLIARD TABLES. — **New and second-hand**, all sizes and makes. Bargain list free. — **JELKS**, 263-275, Holborn Road, N.7.

GUNS. — **Gradual payments.** Not the lowest-priced Guns, as these must obviously be made in the cheapest manner possible, but thoroughly safe, sound and reliable weapons. A credit to ourselves and a pleasure to the user. Send for list. — **Thos. Widd.**, 17, Whitlall St., Birmingham.

SHAVE YOURSELF. — **"Want"** Blades give clean shaves. Fit Gillette patt. 2/6 doz., posted. — **Hallwell, Jeweller**, Eye, Sussex.

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SUBJECTS: Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Insurance, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing, Business Training, Matriculation, Professional Prelim. Examinations.

Over 3,000 successes at professional examinations in 1923. Many intensely practical non-examination courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired. Send postcard to-day for "Guide to Careers in Business," 140 pp., free. — **METROPOLITAN COLLEGE**, Dept. 31, ST. ALBANS.

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REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. — **Harris Tweed Depot**, 1, James St., Stornoway.

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ACCORDEONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins. — **Catalogue Free**, Douglas, 99, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 3d. How to make Gramos. — **Regentbull**, 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED. — **Artico Brand Worm Tablets** are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by raimly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply of 14d. stamp for Free Pamphlet. — **Ridway Tablet Co.**, 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

FILES, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES. — **YROC**, the Wonder Cure of an Age-Old Italian Monastery. Amazing Results. 1/3 oz. tin proves it. — **May Garland Co.**, 10, Hornsey, Rise, London, N.10.

RUPTURE TREATMENT ON APPROVAL. — **A certain cure.** Instant relief guaranteed. No springs, lumps of hard pads, failure impossible. This new scientific discovery SENT ON TRIAL. Expert Male and Female Attendants. Call, write or phone for sworn testimonials and booklet "A. A. A. — Le Brasseur Surgical Manuf. Co., Ltd. (Dept. B.F.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Branch Office, 90, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

STAMMERING. — **I cured myself.** You can cure yourself for your child. Parties free. — **Frank Hughes** (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. — **Genuine Remedy** proved by testimonials. — **Write.** The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proof and advice free. — **W. Duncan, M.H.**, Specialist (Dept. X), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Gray's.

BLUSHING, Nervousness. — **A remarkable book** on genuine cure sent privately. 3d. — **Mr. Rivers** (J.B.), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.1.

NEW LIFE TO Weak, Wary, Nervous, Ailing people. — **Thyroid Glands** restore Youth, energy, vitality, nerve force. Never fail. No drugs. Trial free. — **Dr. J. L. D.**, 67, St. Albans.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. — **Use Brooks Rapidure Appliance.** New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, clean, binds and draws parts together quickly. **SEND ON TRIAL.** Catalogue free. — **Address:** **BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.**, 1763C, 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SEND for Valuable Book. — **Everyday ailments** continuing over 100 pages, explaining how to cure with Herbal Remedies. Free penny stamps for post. — **Hall's Hygiene Co.**, Ltd., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

FITS Positively Cured. — **Booklet** describing genuine home-made remedy free from **WILLIAMS & CO.**, WINSFORD, Cheshire.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — **Is a distressing complaint** in children, invalids, and adults quickly cured by **"PARKER'S REMEDY."** Invaluable to ladies of middle age. 3/- bottle at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 19, James St., Liverpool. Write for parties.

MISCELLANEOUS. — **SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK** about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one. — **Trimnell, The Herbalist**, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

A BOOK ON HERBS. — **How to blend, make and use them.** sent free. Write for one to Secretary, 61, Holme Top Street, Bradford.

JUST GOOD. — **A 9oz. PACKET OF CRISTONA RED CHOCOLATE CAKE MIXTURE** makes a most delicious cake—easily baked. Sold by your grocer.

"SECRETS OF MEMORY POWER." — **Will** develop your brain and money-making power. Recommended by Dr. Clifford. Post free, 5/6 Wilkes (Dept. 8), Devon House, Tiverton, Tipton.

A FREE SAMPLE TIN OF COW & GATE MILK FOOD will be sent post free to readers of John Bull. Mention this paper and address, Dept. A.11, Cow & Gate House, Gullford, Surrey.

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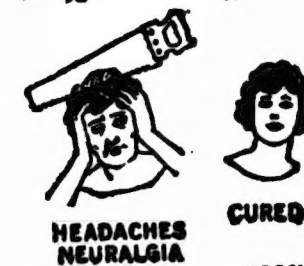
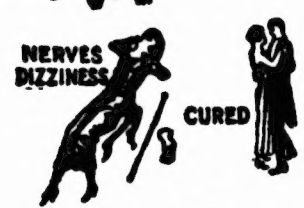
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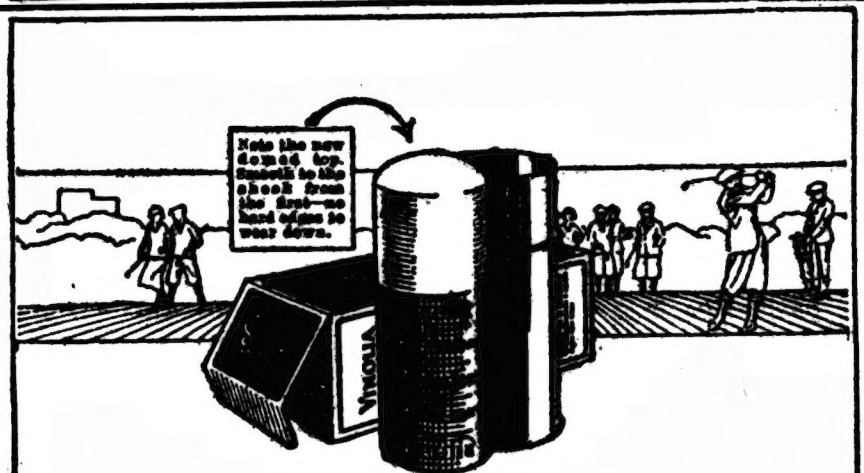
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to Justice
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His Trump Card.

The success of the Allied Conference has confirmed the Premier in his view that an early settlement is desirable. There will be some straight speaking during the Recess.

Sanity at Last.

That there is to be a scientific examination of the results of receiving reparations, is a wise move. It should have taken place six years ago, when it would probably have prevented the Ruhr occupation.

Unreasonable Aloofness.

Much of the success of the Allied Conference has been due to the unofficial American representative. If America would only shoulder her full share of responsibility, Europe's hopes would be bright once more.

No Controversy.

Whatever the outcome of the Irish problem, it must not again become a British party question. Benevolent neutrality is the only dignified position for this country.

Unfulfilled Pledges.

Parliament has risen, and electoral reform, equal franchise, equal guardianship, widows' pensions, equal pay in the Civil Service, are promises still. It is a melancholy list of non-achievement.

Throwing down the Gauntlet.

An immediate inquiry into the possibility of building houses of other materials than bricks is a welcome, if belated, move. There is no better way of bringing the rings to heel.

Bring Them Home.

We entirely agree with Lloyd George's demand for the evacuation of Cologne. Good faith is a better argument than bayonets—and is far less costly.

Scaremongers Exposed.

Major-General Seely has done a public service by exposing the hollowness of the reports made by interested parties that Germany was secretly arming for a war of revenge. They were the weapons of obstructionists, anxious to prevent a European settlement.

Away With It!

The Home Office has at last been persuaded to hold an inquiry into the efficacy of the death penalty. So another reform initiated by JOHN BULL is about to bear fruit.

Golden Drink.

The Chancellor estimates brewing profits from 1913-1919 at the colossal sum of £100,000,000. No wonder beer is dear and of poor quality!

Something Wrong.

Mr. Snowden admits that, whereas in 1913 food taxes were 4s. 9d. per head, they are now 12s. 9d. per head. The less he says about a "free breakfast table" the better.

More Food Plots.

Behind the scenes a vast margarine trust is in process of formation. When will the Government redeem the Premier's pledge to deal drastically with this ever-growing evil?

Get at the Profiteers!

Food prices have started on another upward climb... Unless energetic action is taken, the coming winter is going to bring despair and starvation to thousands.

Try One.

It is the boast of the Government's apologists that since going into office they have perfected five schemes for dealing with the profiteers. It is about time that one was given a trial.

Pettifogging Puritanism.

Next year the Home Office proposes to take action against all public and semi-public sweepstakes. Unless in the meantime Parliament has taken action against the Home Office.

No Defence.

Messrs. J. Lyons and Co. state that their waitresses are paid the highest rates in the trade. Then all we can say is that the position of other waitresses is too horrible to contemplate.

Muddled Justice.

Magistrates are refusing to sentence drunken motorists to imprisonment because the Sessions always reverse their decisions. Clearly an authoritative lead should be given by Parliament.

Wembley Wangles.

It is proposed to give performances of the Empire Pageant on Sundays. But why that would be right, and the opening of the Pavilions wrong, would need a Solomon to explain.

Atrophied Brains.

The Communists are indignant because a Labour Government allows Scotland Yard to keep an eye on them. Which, seeing they are the avowed enemies of the Labour Government, is a good joke.

Giving Themselves Away.

Alarmed at Mr. Shinwell's designs on the coal trade, merchants are collecting a defence fund of £30,000. Mr. Shinwell is on the right lines if it is worth such a sum to prevent him acting!

We Await an Answer.

The *Morning Post* has not replied to our challenge concerning royalty owners. Let us be specific. In 1918 its proprietor, the Duke of Northumberland, received £82,450. In return for what?

Saul Among the Prophets.

"The motor and allied trades have not suffered the paralysis feared," says the *Times* with reference to the disappearance of the McKenna Duties. It would be unkind to say "We told you so."

Just Wanton Stupidity.

The sale of the Greta Green factories and houses at rubbish prices is a particularly disgraceful piece of public robbery. There seems no excuse whatever for the ramp.

No Cause to Boast.

Those who boast of Britain's armaments would find small pride in the starvation wages paid to the men and women who produce them. It is a scandal that Admiralty wages should be inferior to those paid by outside firms.

No Living Wage.

No one really expected the House of Lords to back up the proposed 30s. minimum wage for agricultural labourers. Nevertheless, both Houses are guilty of refusing a measure of bare justice to our land serfs.

Stealing Our Daylight.

For sheer lack of public spirit, those M.P.s who deliberately killed the Summer-time Bill by wanton obstruction would be hard to beat. Blatant minorities are ever the real curse of a democratic system.

Cool Cheek.

By erecting a toll-gate at Sandwich, the Earl of Guilford has emphasised the fact that an Access to Beaches Bill is every bit as urgent as an Access to Mountains Bill.

The Unchecked Ramp.

Mr. Sidney Webb complacently says there is no need to worry about the world's wheat crop. Most people, however, are worrying about bread prices—which Mr. Webb as complacently ignores.

Encouraging Statistics.

The number of child offenders last year was well below the pre-war figure. It is striking testimony to the success of the policy of preventing children becoming criminals by educative and reformatory methods.

Becoming a Nuisance.

After agreeing to abide by the results of the inquiry, ex-Inspector Syme is again holding meetings and pressing for another inquiry. He has forfeited all right to further sympathy.

Inexcusable Slackness.

Far from benefiting the traveller, railway amalgamation has produced a new crop of grievances and discomforts. With travel as dear as it is, passengers have more right than ever to considerate treatment.

JOHN BULL
Free Insurance Gift.
13,160 BENEFITS PAID
Have you Registered? Forms on Page 2

Ramsay's Test.

Mr. MacDonald says "a claim for suitable compensation will be made" for the murder of Mrs. Evans, the British subject murdered by Mexicans, and for defending whom Mr. Cummins was expelled by the Mexican Government. The issue is of importance to the safety of all British subjects in savage countries. Upon the Premier's firmness depends their lives. The murderers must be punished.

Brother Britons.

The Duke of York's camp has been as big a success as usual. The idea of the camp is simple enough; just getting together boys of eighteen or nineteen from the public schools on the one hand, and the workshops on the other, and teaching them to "mix" in fun and friendship. This is the way to kill, or rather to prevent the birth of, class hatred. As Charles Lamb once said: "How can I hate a man I know?"

The Crime of Being Born.

Declining an offer to go into an infirmary, a woman gave birth to her child "at home"—in a covered cart at Harrow—without receiving medical attention. The local council have instructed the inspector to remove the family from the district, as the couple cannot find a home. No one on the council seems to have heard of the Child born in a manger. God may help the poor mother—Harrow council won't!

Friendless and Alone.

"He has no friends." Sad, indeed, when this desolating truth has to be confessed of a young man of twenty, adrift on life's ocean, outward bound. Happy when such a lad meets with a magistrate like Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, who, when young Arthur Clark was charged with stealing, put him on probation in the hope that someone might be found to extend to him a helping hand. Such mercy is an ornament of justice.

One Law for the Rich.

When recently an eminent scientist, accompanied by a young woman, took a room in a London hotel and died suddenly, no inquest was held and the affair was hushed up. The same official tact was not extended to an ordinary man who died under similar circumstances, although his relatives naturally had similar feelings in the matter. One law for the rich and another for the poor is still true!

Some Males—and a Man.

After one man had lost his life trying to save her, a girl bather at Sutton, Lincolnshire, was rescued by Captain Quinney, of Southport, a war hero with only one arm. Sixty people, including a number of male bathers, watched the grim struggle from the beach. They had two arms against Quinney's one. But it is the heart that counts in a crisis. The truest thing to say is that there was one man on Sutton beach and a score of male bipeds watching his gallant fight.

In the Polar Regions.

Harold Shaw, the poor Manchester fellow who is a survivor of the party that went out in the Arctic snows to the relief of Shackleton, cannot get any help from the authorities in regard to his claim for compensation for his suffering. He is still without work, and contrives to live by selling pamphlets dealing with his career. Shackleton was a great man. He died for a great cause. Can Shaw get none of the honour he has every right to share?

He Deserves It.

Six months after their marriage Andrew Greig's wife left him, and, with her baby, went back to her girlhood home. And Greig at Kirkcaldy made up to another woman. She was all the world to him, he made her believe, and having bigamously married her, he took her to London town, where he got her money and her jewellery, and left her penniless to get back to Kirkcaldy as best she could. Now he is serving twelve months—hard, we hope.

Act I

One thing made manifest by the detailed inquiries into the Vaquier case is that the regulations regarding the sale of poisons are either inadequate or, where adequate, they are ignored. It is time for action to end this scandal, which makes it possible for any miscreant with a plausible tale to obtain all the poison he needs.

Lethal Activities.

There is no unemployment at the Erith works of Messrs. Vickers, Ltd. For this there is a reason, and it is a bad one. Messrs. Vickers are working overtime making machine-guns for the Japanese Government. It is a sad thing that six years after the war that was to end war the only booming industries should be those turning out engines of death.

The Human Machine.



CHARACTER BUILDING

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

THE importance of character formation is responsible for an extraordinary amount of muddled thinking and useless advice.

It is, for instance, a nonsensical idea that men can be made decent, efficient, and good by sermons, lessons and good resolutions.

It is a very common error to assume that there is some mysterious influence in such things that operates mechanically in effecting a miraculous change.

If we were pure "thought machines," such things would be all right. Unfortunately, we all find it easier to act than to think.

Character is simply the connections we make between our mental states and our acts. People who pin their faith to sermons, moral precepts, and the like forget that the only way to have these connections is to manufacture them deliberately.

A man's character cannot be made for him. His fate lies in his own hands.

The only cure for laziness, for example, is the concrete act of work. Laziness and industry are both habits. It is entirely in our own hands whether we form the one or the other.

You cannot make a liar tell the truth by preaching at him. He must form the habit of telling the truth.

We can only become efficient by behaving efficiently. All this is linked up with the question of self-control and will-power, which we shall have to consider later.

Meanwhile there are one or two broad principles we can lay down.

Energy used in guiding and restraining conduct is more valuable than "hustle" for its own sake.

There is no virtue in doing something merely because it is hard: effort for its own sake is wasted energy.

Lastly, "thought before action" is a golden rule.

Nipping Trouble in the Bud.

Sir Frederick Chance never takes chances of strikes in his firm, Ferguson Bros., Ltd., the manufacturers of cotton fabrics. Directly a grievance arises the heads come out of their offices and investigate it—with the result that in a century the firm has never had a serious trade dispute or strike. If all employers adopted the Chance motto of nipping trouble in the bud, they and their workers would be better off.

The Man in the Box.

We wish speedy promotion to Signalman Metcalfe, of Banktop Station, Burnley. Forty wagons broke away and were thundering towards a passenger train. Metcalfe saw them, and coolly switched them into a siding, where they smashed themselves against buffers of iron instead of flesh and bone. Signalman Metcalfe has proved his responsibility for a bigger job!

Catering for the Devil.

Our fight for sweated waitresses is bearing fruit. In Parliament it is admitted that a case is established, and an inquiry into the setting up of a trade board is to be started. And the sooner the better! The dividends on the ordinary shares of catering companies are large enough to permit of a living wage for the women who serve. Companies who underpay girls cater for the devil!

A Shocking Offence.

A young man named Patrick Gormley was sentenced to six months' hard labour at Glasgow for soliciting a three-year-old girl for an immoral purpose. Gormley admitted two previous convictions. Why do not our magistrates in shocking cases like this order the cat? To take it out of their hide is the only way to stop blackguards like this.

A Grain of Gould.

If more parishes were as lucky in vicars as Huttoft, Lincs., is in the Rev. Arthur Gould, Sabbath in the country would be a day to look forward to. He urges that the suggested war memorial, an institute with all kinds of games, be open on Sundays, and offers £100 to any happiness-grudger who can cough up a text against Sunday games. As he says, "There are quite enough sins, without making new ones."

Thanks to Chadband!

Although Wembley has long since run half its course, only nine million people have been to it compared with the thirty million wanted for the whole season. Before it opened we pleaded for it to be available to the public on Sundays, but Chadband had his way! Officialdom has only itself to thank. Besides spiting itself it has deprived millions of a much needed opportunity to view the wonders of the Empire.

Blood or Money?

Month after month we have urged the rulers of London to make the ambulance service as efficient as the fire brigade. In April, May and June, 209 persons were killed in London streets, and there were 22,922 accidents. Why is it more important to protect property from fire than human beings from death and pain? Meanwhile, the police carry on with first aid for which no praise can be too great!

Rest for the Weary.

Forced by the housing shortage to live with his wife and family of seven children in a dilapidated shed alongside a pigsty, Mr. Anthony Gonella wrote to the Molesey District Council pleading with them to find him other accommodation. The Council met in solemn conclave, gave instructions for the serving of a statutory notice on the man to abate the nuisance occasioned by his occupation of the hovel, and, in the words of a member, took action in the interests of the family by forcing them into what he would call a "home of rest" at Kingston—the workhouse. What a land to live in!

Corrupting a Child.

The police seem to have lost all sense of decency in their efforts to secure convictions against shopkeepers for technical infractions of grand-motherly laws. The limit seems to have been reached by Constable Collins, of Barrow, who sent his nine-year-old son for a packet of cigarettes. The shopkeeper recognised the boy, and sold him the cigarettes thinking they were for his father. For this he was fined 10s. If corrupting a child by employing him as an accessory to a breach of the law is any recommendation for promotion, this over zealous policeman should soon be a chief constable.

"Dope."

Again there are ugly tales in circulation about the doping of race-horses, and there is little doubt in the minds of those who ought to know that these tales are not quite baseless. When is the Jockey Club going to act?

An Expensive Brew.

Scotland has many hypocrites, but not one greater than John Rooney, the leader of the Duntocher prohibitionists. In public he denounced drink as a curse, and glibly quoted from the Bible to prove his nonsense true. In secret he made powerful whisky at stills of his own. Until the police scented the brew, and had him fined £300. Hypocrisy is not always a cheap vice.

The Game of Grab.

Having no souls our traders to a man are out for profits, the rewards being not only money but a seat in the Lords to the more cunning. Since the war they have raised the prices of such items as tinned herrings from 5d. to 1s. 6d. The explanation may be, of course, that herrings were so scared by U-boats that they swim three times as fast as they used to and are more difficult to catch—but the fishermen don't get thrice as much pay!

Dirty Money.

Two lads of Walkerburn, who had more money than sense, spent it on grossly indecent postcards they sent through the post in enclosed envelopes. For doing this, the Ayr magistrates fined them £5 each. It would have been better had the police laid hands on those who are filling their pockets with money made by selling the cards to youths. Then a fine which would have stopped the business could have been imposed.

"Key-Money" Again.

A recent decision of Judge Cluer's lays it down that £5 paid by a house-hunter to an outgoing tenant "to use her influence with the landlord," is not an illegal premium within the meaning of the Rents Acts. But surely this is the old "key-money" ramp come to life again in flat opposition to the intention of the Legislature, which was to make all such payments irrecoverable at law. If the Rents Acts are not clear on this point Parliament must at once remedy the fault.

Attraction of Jail.

Just after the moralisers had jumped to the conclusion that, because a convict did not want to leave Camp Hill Detention Prison, Isle of Wight, he loved it just like home, the plain truth came out. The convict, due for freedom, had £3 8s. 6d. to draw, and objected to going away without it on the promise that a society would give it to him in London. He made a fuss and got his money! But as for wanting to stop in jail—!!

Choking Up.

Littlehampton Port Commissioners are in a fix. They are applying for a reconstitution order so that local bodies can be called upon to help to pay for the saving of the harbour, which is in such a bad state that there is danger of it being choked up and thousands of acres of farm land being flooded. But why not have brought the matter up and insisted on a settlement before things got so bad? The harbour dues are so high that little vessels avoid it like poison.

Chadband-on-Sea.

Some members of the Cleethorpes Urban Council have a kink for making Sundays days of misery—after one o'clock! Golfing, motoring, and tennis do not necessarily lock, bolt, and bar the gates of Heaven against those who indulge on the Sabbath, nor bathing before one o'clock! But boating is another matter. And the suggestion that it should be permitted has made some of the Holy Willies wail and show the whites of their eyes—as well as the narrowness of their little souls!

Known to the Police.

Nine out of ten of the defilers of children dealt with in the courts in the last twelve months were known to the police as having been convicted previously at least once for similar offences. Such offences often imply a form of insanity, and it is high time these monsters were dealt with in a more fitting manner.

Scandal of the Ports.

There is no improvement in the shame of the orgies in which young girls take part on foreign vessels in our chief ports with disease infected foreign sailors. Would it not be well if the authorities held the masters and owners of the ships responsible for what goes on in what are really disorderly houses afloat, and the worst kind, too.

Problems of Life.**THE SHADOW**

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SPEAKING of Ranelagh — that popular centre of gaiety and amusement for Londoners in the eighteenth century—Dr. Johnson said: "It went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think; but that the thoughts of each individual there would be distressing when alone."

There is a similar confession by a living writer, Basil King, who says in his "Conquest of Fear": "Having a good many responsibilities I lived in terror of not being able to keep pace with their demands. The dread was like a malign invisible presence, never leaving me . . . This is all very well, it would whisper in moments of pleasure, but it will be over in an hour or two, and then you'll be alone with me as before."

The experience thus feelingly described is familiar to all who have to fight their way through life.

Who does not know what it is to wake in the morning with a weight on one's heart?

For a moment, perhaps, you do not recollect what it is that oppresses you; you are only conscious that something is wrong; but the next instant the whole black flood of awareness sweeps over you and buries everything out of sight except your trouble.

At ordinary times, too, a man generally has enough on his mind to make him turn reluctantly from the hour of relaxation to that of reflection or strenuous endeavour.

Deliverance comes with the realisation that there is within us all a Power that wishes us well, and has more to do with shaping our lives than we have ourselves.

It will always find a way out if we learn to trust to it and possess our souls in quietness.

It is the power of God.

No Place for Pets.

The Windsor Dispensary for Horses and Dogs, 54, New Cross Road, as conducted by William Heanley, is no place for dumb beasts. Attracted by dismal howling, an R.S.P.C.A. inspector found five dogs tied up in a filthy room, with little food, and some dirty water. Heanley charged 3s. 6d. weekly to board the dogs, during their owners' temporary absence. The Greenwich Bench fined him £5 and £3 costs, and animal lovers should think twice before confiding their pets to his anything but tender care.

The Letter-box Pest.

Mr. F. Heiger of the Loan Office, 3, George Lane, Lewisham, is having moneylending circulars pushed into suburban letter-boxes, in which he offers as "Special to Ladies," loans from £1—the strictest privacy guaranteed. This is a great temptation to young married women to get into debt without the knowledge of their husbands, and it ought to be made an illegal action.

Others, Please Note!

Only a few weeks ago we exposed a mean rascal named Stanley Chambers, of Brighton Road, Stoke Newington, who tricks the racing fraternity with a paper called the *Sporting Chance*. We have since received further information about him and find he has many other victims. It seems doubtful as to whether his dupes will ever get their money back; but there ought to be some way of dealing effectively with a person like this.

House Agency Honesty.

In a letter to us, W. A. Bristow, who runs a house agency at 122, High Road, Kilburn, N.W., says, "We ask for 5s. 6d. deposit, which is returnable less postage and telegraphic expenses." A reader who sent him this sum and received nothing, wrote and asked for the return of his deposit when after a month he found a flat without the agency's assistance, but Bristow did not even reply. Are we to take it that his assurance of the returnability of deposits was intended to apply exclusively to ourselves?

So Simple.

Rocky Lane, Monton, Manchester, is the suggestive address of an individual named Winder who is seeking to soften his stony path by selling a prescription for a cure for diarrhoea. The price of the recipe is 2s. 6d., "post paid on receipt of P.O.," and Mr. Winder declares that any chemist will dispense it for 8d. or 1s. As a means of making easy money the idea seems ridiculously simple, provided the supply of ridiculous simpletons with more money than sense does not run short.

Slow of Understanding.

We always thought that bookmakers required to be rather quick in the uptake, but S. A. Webb, of Suite 12, Palace House, Shaftesbury Avenue, W., seems to be remarkably slow of understanding. When we wrote him a letter regarding payment of a reader's winnings, he replied that "the contents of same are not understood." Seeing that a month or so ago he excused the delay in remitting the money by declaring that it had been sent to a wrong address, his memory must be as short as his understanding is slow.

The Palm Oil Peer.

For some time the coronet and cognomen of the notorious Lord Haldon disappeared from the circulars of the Oil Lease Investment Co. and International Oil Industries, but we observe that the Right Honourable share pusher has lately come into the limelight again, this time as a "consultant" to these two shady concerns. The penurious peer may be well qualified to act as a consultant regarding means of extracting palm oil from company promoters who want to flaunt a title, but we cannot regard the re-introduction of his name as a recommendation for dealings with them.

A Moneylender's Promise.

They say there is honour among thieves, but there seems to be little among moneylenders. E. Ellis, of 14, Clifford Street, New Bond Street, W., wrote to an applicant for a loan as follows: "If you will reply to this, per return, and enclose £1 1s., for the expenses of our enquiries, I see no reason why this should not be completed within twenty-four hours; the amount will be returnable to you in full, should anything stop this matter being completed." The matter was not completed, but three letters asking for the return of the £1 1s., have been completely ignored. We think Mr. Ellis should be called upon to explain his idea of honour in the County Court.

A Boy Slave's Suicide

Driven to Death by Overwork

WHAT to do with our boys is a question that is continually causing anxiety to parents. The question of what not to do with them seems to have been answered in a shockingly tragic fashion recently at Bournemouth. Apparently anything would be better than to apprentice them as assistants with a company like the International Tea Co.'s Stores, Ltd.

William Sydney Wilson was a cheerful, healthy lad when he entered the establishment run by this concern at 571, Christchurch Road, Bournemouth. He was the son of a widow, and we can well imagine how proudly he started his career with a confident step on the lowest rung of the ladder.

Too Tired to Eat.

There was no limit to his hours of work mentioned in his indentures. He started his duties at eight o'clock in the morning, but such were the conditions of his slavery, that, according to his mother's sworn testimony, he would arrive home at night too tired even to eat his supper. When she applied for the post for her boy she understood that he would finish work at 7 p.m., except on Thursdays and Saturdays, when he might have to stay a little later. On Thursdays and Saturdays, as it turned out, he reached home at 10 p.m. and 11 p.m., and on one occasion at midnight.

The business of the International Tea Co.'s Stores, Ltd., must be kept going. Perhaps some of the shareholders would be dissatisfied if their dividends dropped. The local manager explained that on Thursdays they had to make preparations for the week-end trade. We suppose it would have seemed to him a terrible thing if a single customer had gone elsewhere for a pound of tea or sugar on Friday morning because all arrangements had not been made for him to be served without an instant's delay.

The End of the Day.

The initiation of the lad into the mysteries of the grocery trade appears to have been very thorough. He was given a "round." The manager said he had a cycle to do the "round" with, but refused to use it. We suspect that he was always too tired to keep his balance. And always, after closing time, the boy's duty was to help in "clearing up."

The daily round, the common task, at last proved too much for the poor lad's sanity. His method of escape from slavery was thorough and effective, but woefully sad.

They found him hanging by a leather strap fastened round his neck and wrists, suspended by two hooks in the ceiling.

The jury returned a verdict of "Suicide during temporary insanity, accelerated by overwork."

Suicide at sixteen! Heaven help all such poor apprentices of the International Tea Co.'s Stores, Ltd.!

Hoaxing a Sunday Paper

FOR impudent and barefaced audacity the fellow who plays the leading part in this story wants some beating. But there is a moral to the revelations here made: Be on your guard against him!

THERE is a page of gossip called the "Talk of London" in the well-known paper, the *Illustrated Sunday Herald*, which caters for its readers by providing them with "inside" information about people of eminence and distinction.

It has decided to confer fame on a gentleman whom it describes as "Our Youngest Impresario," and it published last week a photograph of him with the announcement that he has written the greater part of "The Golden Age," which is said to be a new type of musical comedy, and which is "to be presented in the West End in the near future."

The brilliant young author, Mr. George E. Stanley, is, it states, only twenty-three, and has been managing theatres since he was sixteen. The story in our contemporary adds that

"for definite reasons" a certain air of mystery surrounds the personnel and nature of the production.

We do not propose to allow this air of mystery to surround Mr. George E. Stanley if we can help it. We know nothing about "The



Peter Astor, the crook we expose here.

Golden Age." But we know a good deal about Mr. George E. Stanley's golden age—the period when the *Sunday Herald* thinks he was managing theatres we know that he was bilking landladies and getting money from people by false pretences!

Mr. George E. Stanley, as he now calls himself, is none other than the notorious "Film Face Peter," a rascal we exposed over a year ago, when he took a chauffeur out of a good job with the Daimler Hire Company (whose accounts Stanley has not paid) and went to Paris with him, where he stranded the unfortunate fellow and left him responsible for the hotel bill.

The chauffeur was arrested; but he escaped imprisonment by the kind offices of the British Consul.

George E. Stanley went to a tailor in Richmond and ordered and obtained several suits of clothes and an overcoat without paying the bill. The tailor followed him to his lodgings and got some of the clothes back by force. Stanley shortly afterwards left the lodging without paying, which is quite in accordance with his usual custom.

As Thomas Stanley Caulman, which is his real name, he was sent to jail on one occasion for obtaining money by false pretences. He got money from people to whom he promised a position as secretary of a film company which never developed.

There are several other convictions against "the young impresario" who has persuaded the *Sunday Herald* to publish his photograph and to describe him in the language of adulation as the brilliant young gentleman who has been managing theatres since he was sixteen.

You cannot really run theatres well from inside a jail. There are so many hampering restrictions in the way.

Another indication of his character is provided by his treatment of a perfectly respectable married woman,

to whom he sent in his card and whom he offered a position as a film star.

Subsequently he walked home with the lady and offered to increase her salary. Then he suggested that she should stay at a local hotel where he had booked a room for her.

She told her husband of his amazing proposal. He made inquiries and found that Peter or Stanley or Caulman, as he is variously known, had booked a room for himself and "wife," and had ordered breakfast for two.

He did not turn up to occupy the room he had booked. When the lady's husband protested against Stanley's conduct, he got a solicitor's letter warning him that any interference with his "blameless client" would be dealt with as might be advised. The solicitor can now, if he so desires, deal with us as he may be advised. We shall be ready for him.

We have not made these revelations with any desire to add to the discomfiture of the *Sunday Herald* when it learns that it has been duped by a rogue. We have done so to protect the public.

Stanley, with a string of aliases, is a persistent pest in the way of approaching noblemen for money to invest in his fraudulent enterprises, and there is a grave danger that he will make use of the fulsome and apparently authenticated paragraph in our contemporary, the *Sunday Herald*.

We are sure it also will realise the danger. And now that we have shown Stanley or Astor or Caulman in his true colours, we hope that the *Sunday Herald* will give him no more of the amazing and incredible publicity against which we have thought it necessary to protest.

A Robber of the Poor

Rogue who takes the name of charity in vain

THE Bible declares that "Charity shall cover the multitude of sins."

Throughout his life we imagine this must have been the favourite scriptural quotation of Walter Blackburn, the hypocrite whose fifty years' career of fraud has repeatedly been exposed in these columns.

His latest exploit is characteristic. He has realised at last that the charity has not yet been conceived that could cloak his own iniquities, and has wisely decided to withdraw his name from the appeals issued to the kind-hearted public.

When our constant denunciations of his disgraceful robberies of contributions to various charities resulted, some twelve months ago, in the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police issuing a warning against giving money to him or to persons employed by him as collectors for his fraudulent organisation known as the Westminster

Charity Committee, he thought it well to retire for a time into comparative obscurity.

He chose as a retreat the quietest part of Whitstable, the centre of the oyster fishing industry on the Kentish coast. There he sat like an oyster and submerged his own personality while he evolved fresh schemes for sucking sustenance from the charitable public.

Knowing full well that an abominable odour attached to his own name, he scouted round for some person identified with a popular cause whose name would command confidence.

He offered a timber building to the local Commissioner of Boy Scouts on condition that the latter registered an institution as a charity for which funds might be collected from the public. His offer was refused.

Rebuffed there, he approached a local officer of Sea Scouts, only to meet with a similar refusal.

His perplexity at the unwilling-

ness of these officers to accept his proffered generosity might have been less had he known that when he sought refuge at Whitstable he found as a neighbour a member of the staff of JOHN BULL who was well acquainted with his shameful antecedents.

Foiled in this direction, he has recently issued a notice regarding an institution at Tankerton, a suburb of Whitstable, to be known as "The London Hospital for Incurables and St. John's Convalescent Home," the chairman of which is Clarence Peel Wilson, the treasurer, W. H. Adamson, a trustee, Lt.-Col. Barrat, and the secretary, Miss Hilda E. L. Richmond, all of whom were associated with him in the Westminster Charity Committee swindle.

Blackburn's name does not appear, but he is the moving spirit of the concern, and we hope the police will interfere with this latest device of a discredited humbug.

Exploiting a Noble Charity

ST. DUNSTAN'S is a splendid institution. It does great work amongst the most hapless wrecks of the war—the blinded heroes. But there is room for criticism as to some of its methods of collecting funds, and we hope the directors will put matters right.

PERHAPS the saddest victims of the war are the men who lost their sight. The most patriotic of those who set out to look after the maimed and suffering are the people who helped to found St. Dunstan's.

Sir Arthur Pearson, blind himself, was noble and heroic in his administrations to the ex-soldiers who may go through life unseeing. These warriors risked everything at the Front. After a great career, greater because he brought joy to the lives of sightless men, Sir Arthur died as the result of an accident; and Lady Pearson, together with her son Sir Nevil Pearson carried on the great work.

Appeals for funds have been made all over the country. The charitable gave—and still give—willingly, because the cause of St. Dunstan's cannot lightly be disregarded. Funds have poured in; thousands of pounds have been willingly subscribed and have been used for the great purpose of helping our poor blinded soldiers of the war to enjoy what little of life remains to them.

In this way St. Dunstan's has done a great work.

One day negotiations were opened with a party of musicians called the Owen-Worth trio, for musical performances to be given all over the country and on the Continent in aid of the St. Dunstan's funds.

The blinded soldiers heard about the Owen-Worth trio and talked gratefully about the goodness of these people in giving their services so generously in aid of so deserving a charity.

As we have said, St. Dunstan's is a great institution. But when the story we intend to tell has been told, we think the public will agree

that greater care should have been taken regarding the financial arrangements of the tour of this troupe.

The Owen-Worth trio, for months past, gave performances in the largest hotels in this country and on the Riviera.

The public with the generosity that it always manifests for our ex-soldiers, especially those who have paid the sacrifice of losing their sight for the honour of our country, were impressed by the words "A Collection will be Taken at the Conclusion of the Concert, and sent, Without Deduction, to St. Dunstan's."

Nor was that all. We are assured by Mr. Platenj Worth, a member of the trio, that before each concert a statement was made by the Concert Director, Mr. W. J. Owen, in which he emphasised the fact that no deduction would be made from the collection. That is why the public, pleased with the performance of the Owen-Worth trio, opened their purses and placed everything they could spare into the offertory box. If they gave a shilling, half-a-crown, five shillings or a pound, they thought that every penny of it would go to the relief of poor blinded soldiers of the war.

They were misled. It was never intended that their money, *without deduction*, should go to the blind.

It was never intended that every shilling they gave would bring pleasure into the lives of the broken, blinded St. Dunstan's heroes.

The truth is that on the Continent 76 per cent. of the takings—that is to say, about 9d. in every shilling, 15s. in every pound—was withheld as expenses. In England, 60 per cent. was deducted for expenses. This makes it rather difficult for one to understand exactly what "without deduction" implies.

What does this really mean? In our great towns, and in the watering places of France, where sympathy abound for our blinded soldiers, and where those hapless men are honoured, the public have been exploited in a manner which is scandalous in the history of charitable appeals.

There can be no doubt that M. Worth's evidence is correct, since



Sir Nevil Pearson.

he himself, during the tour, received a fixed share of the amount deducted from the collection for expenses.

In a Paris newspaper, too, portraits of the trio appeared above the interesting statement that "over 60,000 francs, at Mentone alone, has been raised for St. Dunstan's."

In other words this means that, of this 60,000 francs, less than fifteen thousand went to the blinded heroes of the war.

We think the public will agree that, when alluring literature is issued calling upon people to patronise concerts in aid of men who lost so much in fighting for their country, and is worded in such a manner as to impel people to attend because they wish to help the blind, St. Dunstan's should make it its business to ensure that such scandalous deductions for "expenses"—particularly in view of the fact that the public were misled by the words "no deduction"—shall not be allowed to occur again in any of the appeals made in its name, and in the sacred cause of charity, for the maimed and blinded heroes of the war.

Night Haunts of Soho

Where our country cousins think they see life.

THE Home Secretary has been called upon in the House of Commons to explain why the law is not strengthened to cope effectively with the night club sharks.

He says he is giving the matter his serious attention. We think he might come to a decision more quickly if he himself takes a trip round the dirty dens of Soho.

He might start his investigations in Greek Street, Soho, where one club is the resort of men and women of the lowest character, members of the Sabini gang, prostitutes and their prey, jewel thieves and racecourse sharks—all the sweepings of the underworld of crime.

It is registered as a club and is supposed to be conducted under the control of a committee of its members. The way this place disregards the law makes the law a farce.

People who are not members can walk into this den when ordinary licensed houses are closed and get as much drink as they like to pay for. They sign no register and no record is kept of their visits—an impudent defiance of the law.

Swelling the profits.

A little distance away is another den. The same sort of irregularities are permitted there. Anybody is welcomed as long as they have money to swell the profits, and nobody seems to care whether you have any right to be there or not.

There are scores of other dens that the Home Secretary might like to inspect if he wants to be assured that the law is being flagrantly broken.

Some are not far from the Home Office. Mr. Henderson might call at one a few yards from Charing Cross Road, where drink is sold at all hours in the morning.

The frequenters dance and sing into the early hours, and conclude their merrymaking with a respectful rendering of God Save the King.

Drawing London's visitors.

A few nights ago it was difficult to buy drinks there, and many frequenters were annoyed with the club officials over this unusual incident. One of them whispered that no drink was on sale because there were officers in plain clothes watching the place.

But the police seem to take a long time to accumulate the evidence they require. That is what gives the bogus night club runners their chance. It should be taken from them.

A great many well-to-do visitors to London, from America and the Colonies who are here for the Exhibition, like to do a round of the night clubs. They think they are seeing life. It need hardly be pointed out that they are coming in contact with very undesirable people, and this leads to very obvious possibilities of very grave abuses—another reason why the authorities should tackle this problem promptly and earnestly.

The Little Yellow God

CAN the Canadian authorities do nothing to catch the rascals who are running the Gold Mine Swindle from fashionable hotels in Ontario?

We think they ought to do so, because swindlers of this kind bring discredit on the gold mining industry in Canada, which is a great and promising one.

One would think that people could scarcely be found so foolish as to listen to the tales told by these professional swindlers. They address letters to men who they know have recently died to tell them of rich gold mine strikes in which they are part-owners. They calculate on the executors or relatives opening the letters and cabling out money against the gold which is stated to be held to the dead man's account in New York.

It is one of the most heartless swindles that the mind of man could conceive, yet it is one of which

people in this country ought to be fully aware.

We have exposed this shabby trickery in our columns on more than one occasion, and to our knowledge our words of warning have not been in vain, although one or two unsuspecting people have been caught unawares.

Recently our attention has been drawn to the fact that these Canadian crooks have started another campaign in this country in the hope of persuading ingenious people to part with money.

Recipients of letters will be well advised to communicate at once with the police, who may think it worth while to put a period to the activities of these brazen rogues.

One of the worst of the rascals calls himself Peter Cushing, and gives an address The Grand Central Hotel, St. Thomas, Ontario.

Another is James Buchanan, who

Beware of the stranger who writes about gold

gives his address as the Globe Hotel, Ontario.

In the face of the facts which we have revealed it would seem that there is a lack of co-operation between the police in this country and in Canada—an omission which ought to be remedied at the earliest possible moment if the authorities are as determined as they should be to put a stop to the swindle.

There can be little difficulty for the local police to find who these persons are. They must be known in these hotels, or at least they ought to be, and they ought to be known also to the Postal authorities who deliver their letters and cables from England.

The files of Scotland Yard contain many complaints, and we respectfully call the attention of the High Commissioner for Canada in the belief that he will make representations that will stop this gross fraud, and lay by the heels these swindlers.

The Top Hat Cooker

Inventor who Cannot Hear her Own Voice

WE think that the lady who invented the "Top Hat Cooker" ought not to be allowed to remain labouring under a sense of grievance.

We hasten to say we have no interest in the Top Hat Cooker, and know little about it, though we suspect that it does not cook top hats.

The point is that the lady who invented this culinary device thought so highly of it that she opened a store at Wembley Exhibition.

She did a very good trade to begin with. But she found that a near neighbour in Quality Street, where her stall is, specialised in a rock-drill, which makes a noise reminiscent of those formidable implements which dig up our streets.

Quite close, too, was another exhibitor with an oil-well drill, which declines to be beaten in the distribution of sound waves.

When these machines are all in operation the poor lady cannot expound the merits of top hat cookery until closing time, when silence like a poultice comes to heal the wounds of noise.

She has complained to the Exhibition authorities, but they cannot make any more helpful suggestion than that she could cancel her tenancy, in which case she would lose what rent she has paid in advance and the money she has sunk in her stall.

We venture, therefore, to invite the Top Hat Brigade of Wembley to consider the bad case of the Top Hat Cooker, and to allow this lady to shift her stall to some less noisy part of the Exhibition.

There is the possibility of the Exhibition being open next year. Stallholders ought to know that they will get the best, and not the worst, chance of selling their goods.

Poor Little Blinded Boy

WANT of thought rather than want of heart is a failing of many who hold official appointments. A little more care, and a little more sympathy and help, would not have been out of place in the case of the lad whose misfortune is here related.

IN the Potteries, at this moment, is a tragic little family who have been caught beneath the wheels of bitter circumstance.

The six-year-old and only son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Forrester was attending the Cross Street Council School, Stoke, when the terrible accident took place which has darkened the little home.

It is the practice at this school for the scholars to pass their pens along to each other at the conclusion of the lesson. Next to Forrester sat a little girl whose eyesight was so bad that she had been supplied with glasses by the school doctor. On this occasion she was not wearing them.

When passing her pen the nib struck the right eye of little Forrester.

The first stab of fiery pain made him cry out, and the attention of the teacher was drawn to the regrettable accident. But although this took place at 2.30, the lad was allowed to remain at his desk until 4.30, with a punctured pupil discharging blood and other matter, the while the victim suffered excruciating agony.

Two hours after the accident took place the school was dismissed, and, blinded by blood, little Forrester managed to grope his way home. The mother at once took him to the doctor, but as he was out on a serious case she was unable to see him until the next morning.

Too Late

Dr. Knowles at once ordered the boy to the North Staffs. Infirmary, where he was seen by an eye specialist, who put up a great fight to save the eye. But the damage had been allowed to go unchecked too long, and the eye had to be removed.

That is the centre of this sad story; there is much else that needs explain-

ing away. There is, for instance, the callous attitude of the Education Committee and the peculiar methods of the Director of Education, Mr. R. P. G. Williamson.

The accident happened on May 18. It was twelve days before Mr. Williamson took the trouble even to express regret at the accident, although it had been reported to him; his explanation was that when the accident was first reported "it was not thought that anything serious was the matter at the time."

Official Indifference

Further than this letter, no notice was taken. So the father wrote again. His letter was formally acknowledged. He waited a month and wrote again. This letter was formally acknowledged. On July 5, Mr. Williamson repudiated liability for the accident on behalf of the Committee, and expressed willingness to see the parents if an appointment were made. But although numerous appointments were made, the parents never succeeded in seeing Mr. Williamson.

And so matters drifted on until January, when Mr. Ernest J. Hall, a local solicitor, took up the case for the Forresters without charge. Mr. Hall accepted the Committee's denial of any legal responsibility, but pleaded with them, on humane grounds, to do something for the boy.

This letter was not replied to until the following month. The reply was astonishing. The Committee authorised the Director of Education to take the hat round among the teachers!

That is all that was heard until May 18—three months after the last letter and a year after the accident—when Mr. Hall wrote and asked for news. This letter was not even

acknowledged. So after waiting another five months, Mr. Hall wrote again on October 31.

A week later Mr. Williamson replied by sending Mr. Forrester £3, stating that the balance of what was collected, amounting to £17 18s. 6d., "was being invested in a suitable manner, and I will notify you very shortly when the transaction is complete." He promised that either Mr. Hall or Mr. Forrester could then inspect the security.

Since that date in November last until now nothing further was heard. We then wrote from this office to Mr. Williamson, who stated, for the first time, that £16 had been invested in War Savings Certificates, and that "any other sums which I may be able to beg will be treated in the same manner."

The whole tragic business is full of exceedingly doubtful points which need clarifying. Why was not the boy taken at once to the doctor, who lives a few doors from the school, instead of being allowed to sit in agony for two hours? Why has the Education Committee, in recognising the humane claims, shifted it on to the charity of teachers and others? Why has the Director of Education treated the whole matter with the disdain of delay? Why has not the whole of the contributed sum been handed over to the parents, who have been hard put to it to provide for the medical attention and special foods necessary?

An Appeal to Authority

These are questions to which adequate answers are necessary. If the local authority will not assist the child properly, we will rely on the good offices of Mr. Trevelyan, the Minister of Education, to do what obviously should be done.

Learn this Lesson

It will pay you in the long run

BURNED children, it is said, dread the fire. And we are sure that the same maxim applies to adults; and as an illustration of it, Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Palmer will certainly not listen again to the wiles of film producers who have no credentials.

They had the misfortune to meet Mr. S. W. Northcote, who was sent to jail in Jersey for film swindles which were brought to the attention of the police there as the sequel to an exposure in these columns.

The law can punish a man who is convicted of naked swindling. It does not compensate his victims.

Mr. Palmer was inexperienced in the film trade. But he was kind-hearted. And when Northcote told him the tale of a profitable film that he had contracted to produce, but hadn't the money to deliver, Palmer was foolish enough to try to help him.

In order to do this he got a bill of sale on his little home and handed

Northcote £100. He has never seen a penny of it.

Northcote further induced him to help him to develop a concern called Victory Photoplays. The consequence was that Northcote put the name of Mrs. Palmer down as one of the partners.

Subsequently she was charged with Northcote and others for obtaining money by false pretences, a startling illustration of the result of having dealings with a crook.

She was acquitted, and to-day she and her husband are ruined, having lost not only their home, but their life savings, which went into the pot.

Now they have to start life all over again. Their chief anxiety now is to warn others of the dangers of investing money without investigating the antecedents of the people who take it on the promise of giving employment. It is the lesson we have preached time and again in JOHN BULL.

Secrets for Sale

In other words: It's Your Money that's Wanted

THERE was a very great man in history called Alexander, who sat down and wept because he had no more worlds to conquer.

He has been succeeded, apparently, by a gentleman called J. Alexander, who runs the Empire Service, at 37, Albemarle Street, London, W.

One of the ways he serves the Empire is by telling people how to get jobs at sea as stewards. He has been at sea himself in the pursers' department, and says he knows all about it. He adds that a steward's job may be reckoned to show an average, over all, of £6 a week.

We should say that a good deal depends upon who does the reckoning. Mr. Alexander says that it is common knowledge how highly remunerative are these appointments on the big liners. The life is, indeed, one of the best, bringing with it the greatest of all gifts—health, happiness and prosperity.

The fee for the information as to where these jobs are to be got is 2s. 6d., which goes to Mr. Alexander for his trouble.

At the same address there is another concern called the Alexander Institute of Mail Order, run by Mr. F. Alexander, who is the proprietor of a Mail Order Course (fee 10s. 6d.), which will enable you to commence a business of your own the moment you receive your first instructions.

With the right knowledge and energy, we are told, you can start in your spare time and rapidly build up a sound and remunerative business.

What is difficult to understand is why people who have the secret of building up a prosperous business in the mail order line do not do it for themselves, instead of handing over the secret to others for a fee.

There is so little philanthropy in business, that when we see it paraded we are sceptical enough to wonder whether it is all as good as it seems.

DOOM OF THE MEDICINE BOTTLE

CURING the ills of life is the most expensive method of creating national health. The writer of this article advocates the establishment of a new order of medical men who will scrap the old medicine-bottle idea and labour to maintain good health instead of curing ill-health

by Lt.-Col. F. E. FREMANTLE, O.B.E., M.P., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., D.P.H.

(Consulting County Medical Officer of Health, Herts)

WHEN I was in China I was told that in that country the basis of medical practice was the direct opposite to that which obtains in this country. Here, a doctor is paid to cure our ills; there he is paid so long as his client is well, payment ceasing whenever he falls sick. The necessity for the Chinese plan may be due to the deficiencies of the Chinese doctor. In this country the vast body of medical men spare no effort to save life or cure ailments, and that with as little delay as possible.

Medical practice here can be divided roughly into two sections: there is the curing of disease, which is usually such a tall order that the general practitioner has little time left for anything else; there is the prevention of disease, mainly undertaken by the local authorities through the agency of the medical officers of health.

These officers have been the "keymen" in the fight of preventive medicine which has reduced the death-rate to 10 per 1,000 per annum.

BUT medical and sanitary services alone do not account for the main advance in national health, as reflected in the reduced death and sickness rate. *True health rests with the individual himself.* Professional and other people have, at best, only been able to advise and direct him, and to cure him after the ill-health has revealed itself.

It is the advice of the man's or woman's own soul and mind that enables them to realise the chance and the value of adapting life and labour in accordance with the newly-understood laws of health. This, for the most part, is not directly the result of advice given by medical men, nor even by their contemporaries, nurses and midwives; although, indirectly, it is due to these people and to the small but invaluable number of research workers in the laboratories, unseen for the most part by their professional brethren, unknown for the most part to the world.

THE better understanding of the rules of health is due directly to the influences that spread the medical ideas and apply them; to the professors and lecturers in the medical schools and training colleges; to the teachers and preachers; and, not least by any means, to the Press.

As an instance of the propaganda of healthy ideas take the case of that objectionable and highly dangerous habit of spitting. It is now barely twenty years since the Congress of the Royal Sanitary Institute first decided to educate the public mind to this evil. At first the idea was laughed at, but the public began to

get hold of the fact that the infection of tuberculosis was being spread through the habit. Now you seldom, if ever, see spitting in public.

IT is difficult to imagine a more benevolent agency in these days than the family doctor of the last century brought up-to-date by present knowledge, but not spoiled by modern life or by officialism. I am afraid that under the Insurance Act it is difficult for the doctor to realise the same position as the family doctor still does in private practice; but even so, the panel doctors have a big influence in advising people how to pursue health. In some practices I have known, the amount of attention and personal care and deep love of the doctor for his patients is remarkable.

However, it is with the family doctor that I wish specially to deal. He, too, has changed with the times. He can no longer be content with the pill and the bottle. He knows, and his patients demand that he should know and tell them, how to maintain health.

And he is in this paradoxical position: that the more he prevents disease and maintains health the less need does there appear to be for his services. More and more, by his own exertions, he finds his patients growing healthier, needing less medicine and fewer operations because of fewer ailments; and less advice because of the information that is now easily obtainable, in books and lectures, by the public. In addition, a patient thinks he need not go to his doctor for every bottle of medicine he wants: it is already made up and sold in tabloid form.

On the other hand, the more the people doctor themselves, the more will they need a doctor. In many cases the highly-advertised cures are pills and bottles of fake. Many a man has paid for and drunk a bottle of "medicine" the ingredients of which are water, cochineal and faith!

MOREOVER, with all the increased advertisement of diseases and cures there is a tendency in some people to consult a doctor at every fresh ache, pain or bump they may feel, even when the only ache, pain or bump is located in the imagination.

So what I am forced to conclude—and in this conclusion I am convinced—is that while on the one hand the family doctor is creating healthier conditions to such an extent that there is a lessening demand for his professional services, on the other hand there is an awakened public conscience on the question of health-habits. And if people will be wise they will, all the more, want advice as to the habits of life and will consult the doctor, when healthy, regarding the maintenance of that health.

IT is here that I see the opening for a third section of medical service. I am convinced that fully qualified medical men, who have studied the art of applied physiology and can combine that knowledge with the greater knowledge—the knowledge of human nature—could, with profit to themselves and infinite service to the community, establish themselves as health specialists in consulting practice. They would specialise, not in the cure of ill-health, but in the maintenance of good health.

I should not be surprised if in a few years there should be found among the physicians and surgeons in Harley Street, the brass plates of health specialists—men who specialise in the health-habits of life, as their neighbours specialise in disease. These health specialists have their established practice and their brass plate at the door; their instruments and apparatus of physiological examination within; their card-index of clients; their correspondence with the general practitioners, who have sent them their cases, and with their neighbours in consulting practice, to whom they refer, clients in whom they find suggestions of the beginnings of disease. But their advice will be mainly preventive, warning, often grave, and affecting the whole habits of life.

THIS advice will relate to all those aspects of human existence which have reflex action on human health. Much of their professional duties would relate to the body indirectly and the mind and spirit directly; it would have to do with physical environments, the home life, the place and nature of business. The question of mental health—due to the pace at which we live—is

worrying the people now more than anything in the way of bodily health. The attention of preventive medical service would be directed especially to the intellect. I can see a great demand for the services of the health specialist by those of the wealthy classes who mostly have the opportunity to stretch the bow and "go the limit," which lead ultimately to nervous breakdowns.

THERE are innumerable openings for the services of the health specialist. What of the man torn with business care? He lives at the rate of thirty-six hours a day. Every fresh day brings its fresh worries. Losses and gains. Defaults and defalcations. Bad buying and worse selling. Booms and slumps. And all the time the knowledge that a false step would lead to the bankruptcy court. How can the most healthy man retain his health in such an unwholesome state of mind? He disregards his limitations; he does not realise or acknowledge them.

THERE it is that the health specialist would come in. He would obtain from the man's general practitioner his medical history. He would see the man in his office and in his home, study his domestic environments and learn of his business life. He would probably discover that in addition to the unhealthy excitement of such business life the man was indulging in hurried meals, occasionally neglecting meals altogether, and giving his mind no holiday; obtaining, perhaps, the necessary stimulants for such high-gear life in excessive alcohol; or drowning his cares by drugs.

ALL these aspects of ordinary life would be affecting the whole physical system and result in damaging the most healthy mind and body.

So, again, with the mother. No amount of medicine can deal with the deadly dull monotony, or the mess of anxiety, responsibility, self-denial, that many good housewives have to negotiate. The ordinary man has never stopped to imagine the life of his wife during the best part of the day. Her cares and her tedium are enough to reduce a woman's powers of resistance to disease.

HERE, then, is a department of life that presents big opportunities to qualified medical men who can combine physiological knowledge, with tact and skill in handling human nature. Health specialists can be the means of preventing numerous ailments and diseases; they can be the instruments for developing a high health standard throughout the whole country, the effects of which will be best felt by future generations.



Lt.-Col. F. E. Fremantle

Child Martyrs of Britain

An Appeal to Magistrates in the Name of Humanity

A FAMOUS judge once observed that he did not live in a balloon, by which he meant that he was in the world and on it, and thought it a duty to know something of what was going on around him.

A similar duty is imposed upon magistrates, many of whom find themselves unable to get any clear idea of sentences that ought to be inflicted, particularly in cases of cruelty to children.

Some magistrates have realised that the best way to protect children is to send to jail the people who oppress them.

The Botisham magistrate, for example, sent a woman to jail for a month for keeping her children in an appalling state of filth and vermin after she had been previously warned.

The Salford Bench sent a man to prison for three months for neglecting his home. He spent his unemployment money on himself, buying and cooking food and leaving his family without. He put his money on horses, and if he won, spent the proceeds on drink.

A Bad Case—

At Droxford, in Hampshire, the Bench sent a young woman of nineteen to prison for six months for neglecting her three-months-old baby. This mother would not stay in any home or institution, but wandered about with her baby, whose life was in peril.

All these are proper sentences. But there is no uniformity in prescribing punishment. At Barry Petty Sessions a woman was charged with beating and kicking her nine-years-old daughter, who was subsequently under the doctor's care for ten days. The defence was that the woman was drunk, and the Bench inflicted no punishment except twelve months' supervision by probation.

"Daddy did it!" was the cry of a five-year-old child who was found recently at Dunstable with a black eye. The magistrate sent the man to jail for six weeks.

At Rochdale a man beat his step-child very severely, and excused himself with the remark—he was a fire-beater—that he only used his left hand. "If I had done it with my right hand," he said, "I might have killed him."

—and a Worse One.

The justices did not send this man to jail. They merely fined him £1. From which it would appear that in Rochdale it is comparatively safe for a fire-beater to beat an infant so long as he only gives him left-hand punches.

One cannot understand why magistrates can give any encouragement to abominations like this. It is certainly not going the right way about the high duty of saving unhappy little children from suffering and torture against which they are helpless to protect themselves.

The Woman Spider

TIME and again we have warned our readers against the foolish practice of investing money in the hope of getting remunerative employment without first of all finding out the financial position of the people with whom the investment is made

IT is not often that one finds a woman working in the circles of high finance and operating with her own office and establishment.

But such a woman is Millicent Frances Piggott, of Sentinel House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

She is as enterprising as she is generous. She was working until a few months ago from an office in the Victoria Street area, and is now introducing people to golden opportunities for making money.

She has a remarkable habit of recommending investments to advertisers for employment, replying to advertisements from such people and inviting them to come along to see her.

When the investor calls upon her he is dazzled by the opportunities madame holds out for getting grand positions abroad.

The preliminary is in most cases substantial investment, with employment at home or in the Colonies.

Influence that Failed.

One gentleman, for example, was induced to invest £450. In return for this Millicent was to give him employment with the concern in South Africa, and she was also to pay his passage, and to make all the necessary arrangements.

When the day for sailing came she explained, with a wealth of plausible details, that the arrangements had suddenly broken down. But she assured her client that he would not

lose by that. She would get him away to the Golden East as early as possible.

She does not condescend to give specific information, but apparently relies upon her attractive personality and engaging manners.

She does not disdain adventitious aids to impressiveness, and her note-paper suggests that she has ten telephone lines. There are no doubt ten telephone lines in Sentinel House, but not at her exclusive service.

Happy Future Overseas.

In any case, however, the £450 investor was not satisfied with the repeated offers and excuses and delays. So he demanded the return of his money.

He could not get it. He cannot get it now. And, hearing there were some other victims, he went to the Gray's Inn Road Police Station.

The police went into their complaints and took statements, but did not see their way to do anything beyond making the rather profound observation that this seemed to be a matter for inquiry.

Another man invested £500. He, too, had held out before him bright prospects of a happy future. But he has been sadly disappointed. When he asked for the return of his money he met with no better luck.

Millicent's business is described as "Exports, London." But inquiries in commercial circles do not indicate

that it is either extensive or flourishing. The client who was induced to part with £500 was to get employment in her office with salary. He found that he had nothing much in the way of work to do. But he got an opportunity of investigating Millicent's financial position.

Some of the victims were introduced to her by a gentleman with an office in Haymarket, who, in one case, got a cheque for £20 "for services rendered" shortly after a person introduced by him handed money over to Millicent.

We certainly think that a business of this kind which has involved such painful losses to innocent people seeking employment in these hard times, should be thoroughly investigated.

The victims are certainly entitled to be told what has become of their money. It is not sufficient answer to say, as this plausible and extensively-travelled woman states, that arrangements have broken down.

Our Asinine Law.

If you can deal in this light-hearted fashion with other people's money, and be under no compulsion to return it, then undoubtedly the law is an ass.

We do not believe that it is so asinine as the engaging and plausible Millicent appears to think. And, in warning the public against her, we express the hope that somebody will make it their business to curb her activities.

Chicken a la Russe

A Confession by an Hotel Chef

I HAVE had seventeen years' experience in London hotels and restaurants, and I am amazed at the ease with which the proprietors and managers pass off on to the public so much foreign filth as sound food, helped by camouflage sauces and specious devices.

I came to London seventeen years ago, and for the last three years I have been employed in a hotel frequented by visitors from all parts of the world.

There is a table d'hôte and a fixed lunch, dinner and supper menu. In the preparation of the dishes only foreign meat is used, and is cleverly disguised as the best English meat and charged for accordingly.

The Surrey fowls and chickens, Aylesbury ducks, and game are Russian for the most part, supplied to the hotel under contract at one shilling and sixpence a head.

Ice Bricks of Chicks.

Each day these stores are delivered by the contractor, stiffened carcasses so solidly frozen that they have to be soaked in boiling water for an hour or more to thaw. Then they are slowly parboiled before roasting or braising them.

The English people are impressed by the glamour of chicken en casserole, so there is a great demand for the fowl or chicken served in the casserole in which it is supposed to be cooked. Yet the whole Russian (or Chinese) bird, or cut-up portions, have been slowly steamed or boiled to gain tenderness and then transferred to the casserole, as ordered, smothered in a rich thick sauce, with various tinned vegetables, and re-heated to be served up as a special dish of fine flavour and high cost.

Getting Rich Quick.

Do you wonder that restaurant proprietors in London grow rich quickly, and do you wonder that their patrons so often develop mysterious diseases? Beyond potatoes, cabbage, beans and peas in their plentiful season, all vegetables are tinned, and even when fruit is plentiful, fruit salads are from the tin or the bottle.

Dishes supposed to be cooked in butter are cooked in margarine. Soups are concocted from the water in which hams, turbot and similar things have been boiled. Fish sauces are made from fish offal boiled down and strained. Nothing is wasted.

Foreign meat, when too high, is baked in vinegar and converted into tempting dishes, garnished a la mode, or swimming in appetising sauce. Foreign legs of mutton, after defreezing, are served with red currant sauce, which is just an unhealthy fruit pulp from America, chemically flavoured and coloured with cochineal.

Australian tinned rabbit, a very good food as rabbit, serves to provide chicken rissoles and many other forms of chicken delicacies—including ham and chicken galantine. "Petit pois," charged at 1s. a portion, and largely used in stewed or braised meat dishes, come out of a tin holding a quart and costing ninepence, and are preserved with copper. And so on throughout the menu.

The Vicious Circle.

All the kitchen offal, refuse and scrapings of the plates goes to the London fat factories where it is boiled down and sold for fish frying and other cooking purposes. Do you wonder, when inquiries are made into the causes of ptomaine poisoning, that so often the doctor's report states that the source of the poisoning is obscure and difficult to trace?

FOODS THAT CAUSE CANCER

Meat dyed to look blood-red, bread whitened with French chalk, jam doctored to look like ripe fruit, butter made buttercup colour by chemical processes, are to-day sold as the people's food. Mr. Ellis Barker holds that cancer is the sequel to the use of dyes, and supports our campaign for pure food.

by J. ELLIS BARKER

(Author of "Cancer—How it is Caused—How it Can be Prevented").

IN my recent book on Cancer I showed that cancer is avoidable. I showed that it is caused in the main by chronic poisoning. I demonstrated by an enormous number of reliable examples that the absorption of infinitesimally small doses of poison during a long number of years is apt to lead, not to poisoning in the well-known way, but to the development of cancer. In many cases poisonous substances have produced cancer after continued absorption in very small quantities during twenty, thirty or more years.

No scientist can disprove the fact that the continued absorption of the most trifling quantities of arsenic and of various other poisons leads to the development of typical cancers which are known to medicine as arsenic cancers, aniline cancers, etc.

Hand-in-hand with Death

In a previous article I pointed out that we absorb poisonous preservatives in practically every meal. We have therefore every reason to suspect that the continued and increasing use of chemical preservatives, practically all of which are poisons, is one of the causes of the increase in the most dreadful malady of all. The increased use of chemical preservatives in foodstuffs and the increased death-rate from cancer go hand in hand.

Unfortunately, we are given small daily doses of poison in our food not only in the form of chemical preservatives but also in that of chemical dyes.

People judge of the quality of foodstuffs by their senses. Food looks nice or nasty, appetising or unappetising. It either smells fresh and wholesome or it is malodorous. Either it tastes pure and sweet or it seems tainted to the tongue.

What the Eye Doesn't See

The nation is defrauded of its prime necessity of wholesome food. The sense of taste and of smell is deceived by chemical preservatives, which do not stop putrefaction but take away the hideous smell and taste which accompany the decay of food. Consequently, tongue and nose, the natural guardians of the stomach, can no longer give us a fair warning that the food we eat is in a more or less advanced state of putrefaction and is actually poisonous.

To deceive the eye, food is chemically bleached and dyed, with the result that we can no longer judge of the quality of foodstuffs by their appearance.

Bread is bleached to startling whiteness by powerful chemicals which are dangerous to health in themselves. Besides, the use of bleaching chemicals enables millers and bakers to foist on us inferior flour. The bulk of the bread and flour consumed by the masses has been chemically bleached to unnatural whiteness.

Cancer-producing Substitutes

With our bread we eat butter, cheese, jam, etc. There is a widespread belief that the richness of butter and cheese may be judged by its yellow colour. In reality, some of the best Devonshire butter is quite white in its natural condition. In jams we appreciate the goodness by a rich fruity colour.

Butter, cheese and jam, which we eat with our bread, have been faked to deceive the eye, as has the bread. Formerly only harmless vegetable dyes were used for the colouring of foodstuffs. The advance of chemical science had been disastrous to the health of the people, for it has replaced the old vegetable dyes by chemical dyes, by aniline dyes.

Aniline is known to be a cancer producing poison, and it remains to be found out whether the aniline dyes daily swallowed with our food are, or are not, cancer producing factors. Producers and retailers say that the public would not buy their butter, cheese, jam, etc., unless it possessed an attractive colour. The housewife's jam has, of course, rarely the brilliant colour of the shop bought article.

When Flour is Impure

The public imagines that the richness of milk likewise is apparent by its golden hue. Hence, producers, while abstracting the fat cream, which often is white, replace it by some colouring matter which cannot do good but may do a great deal of harm.

Purity and whiteness are practically one in public opinion. A startlingly white loaf is supposed to be a pure and high-class article. A slight greyish tint of the flour arouses the suspicion that the article is dirty or impure. As a matter of fact, the finest flour and the best white bread are never of the startling whiteness to which the wretched traders have accustomed us. In France and in other countries where the bleaching of flour is a penal offence, the white bread and rolls have always a slightly greyish or yellowish tint.

Misled by the idea that whiteness, or at least a light colour, betokens

goodness, people prefer light coloured raisins, sultanas, dried apricots, and other fruit to the darker article. The cunning traders bleach these dried fruits with sulphurous acid, which destroys much of the goodness, and they charge more for the spoilt article than for the unspoiled produce in its natural condition. Beer likewise is coloured by mixing with it sulphites, the products of burning sulphur.

Sulphur is probably harmful to the body if continually taken, even if it is pure. Unfortunately, sulphur contains very frequently smaller or larger quantities of arsenic which, even in the tiniest doses, is a most dangerous cancer producer.

Heavy Doses of Poison

The freshness of meat is judged by everyone by smell, taste and colour. Our senses of smell and taste are misled by poisonous chemical preservatives, and the poorest, stalest and nastiest meat is given the appearance of richness by treating it with chemical dyes.

The housewife buys a piece of meat. It looks beautifully red, and when she puts it on to the stove a lot of red liquid runs out of it. It looks like blood, but it is chiefly water and dye. If the meat had not been dyed red and chemically treated it would look pale, and repel by its odour and taste. In the poorest quarters, in the quarters where the worst meat is sold, it is often reddest.

Children are particularly susceptible to drugs, chemicals and poisons. Their milk, cream and butter, their margarine and their jam, contain often heavy doses of poisonous chemical preservatives and of chemical dyes. They are the greatest consumers of sugar in every form, and sugar also is chemically treated by the wretched traders.

The superstition that whiteness means purity and goodness is ruthlessly exploited. Inferior sugar is bleached white, often blue white. In the process of bleaching its most valuable food elements are destroyed, and undesirable chemicals are added instead.

Colour that is Deceptive

Sugar is eaten very largely by children in the form of sweets and pastries. In the past the colouring of these was innocent. Sugar was browned by heat or turned into a rich golden colour, and occasionally harmless vegetable dyes were employed. Now, aniline dyes are nearly exclusively used, and traders vie in producing cakes, pastries and



MR. J. ELLIS BARKER

confectionery of the most startling colours.

Rice, barley and other grains are given the generally desired white colour, not only by over-milling but also by the addition of French chalk, which is scarcely a food.

The Bottles of Death

Among the most dangerous colouring matters used is copper, which is a virulent poison. Bottled vegetables usually lose their colour. That is known to every housewife who has tried to preserve peas and other greenstuffs. In order to give to bottled vegetables the appearance of freshness, unscrupulous manufacturers employ not only aniline dyes, but salts of copper as well.

Occasionally we hear of a number of people having died or having fallen ill from arsenic poisoning, the arsenic having been introduced in the process of bleaching sugar or other materials. If a number of deaths occur simultaneously, the public gets alarmed and the authorities take action.

Mystifying the Doctors

In many cases people have died from arsenic poisoning owing to the consumption of beer, sugar, sweets, etc.

Everybody must die. Sudden death by acute food poisoning is not so dreadful as lingering death following upon slow poisoning. In countless cases people fall mysteriously ill, they decline and suffer for years. Doctors cannot explain the cause, and in many instances chronic poisoning by chemical preservatives or chemical dyes is responsible.

It is high time that the Government should take action and forbid the use of poison in food.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

**To the Right Hon. A. HENDERSON, M.P.,
Home Secretary.**

SIR,—I see that a misguided appeal has been made to you to exclude representatives of the Press from the execution of murderers. In my judgment this would be a retrograde step which you ought in no circumstance to sanction. As it is, the public mind is gravely disturbed over the whole question of capital punishment, and it would be a profound blunder to destroy the only real safeguard that exists for the decent and humane execution of the extreme penalty of the law.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Right Hon. TOM SHAW, M.P.,
Minister of Labour.**

SIR,—Some of your methods in regard to the relief of unemployment are past all human understanding. Your latest jest—for that it surely must be—is that in assisting the municipalities to provide relief you cannot distinguish between rich boroughs and poor. This means, I suppose, that if Poplar is helped to sustain its huge burden of unemployment, then for some occult reason you must hold out a similar helping hand to Hampstead, which has no need of it? For sheer bureaucratic bunkum this will take some beating.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Right Hon. STEPHEN WALSH, M.P.,
Secretary of State for War.**

SIR,—By way of reply to my recent appeal you now state that you have "no desire to flout public opinion" by seizing beautiful Lulworth Cove for the purposes of a tank school, and that if an alternative site can be found the War Office will be content. Allow me to tell you that there is no "if" about it. There are scores of alternative sites to be had, and there is no more excuse for misusing Lulworth than there would be for building an arsenal in Hyde Park. Don't let the swashbuckling militarists bluff you.

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir PATRICK HASTINGS, K.C., M.P.,
Attorney-General.**

DEAR SIR PATRICK,—Why all this mystification as to the fees paid to Crown counsel in recent murder trials? For the prosecution of Vaquier, you thought fit to retain the services of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, and for that of Mahon those of Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett. Were not the fees paid to these gentlemen marked on their briefs in accordance with the universal custom of the Bar? You know perfectly well that there is no real mystery about the extent of these fees, so why this elaborate pretence? Be honest about it. The taxpayer has a right to know.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir DONALD MACLEAN.

DEAR SIR DONALD,—I am glad to find you with me in my demand for a thorough-going reform of the Poor Law. If your plans are carried out we shall have a unified system of public assistance, administered without waste or overlapping, yet with a humane and sympathetic regard for the necessities of the poor. I sincerely hope you will succeed in rousing the politicians to action on these sound progressive lines. The death and burial of Mr. Bumble will be an occasion of national rejoicing. And once the interment is over there will be no Resurrection Morn.

JOHN BULL.

**To the Right Hon. Sir FREDERICK MILNER, Bart.,
Taplow, Bucks.**

DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—It would be ungracious to allow you to go into retirement without a word of recognition of your untiring labours on behalf of ex-Service men. The breakdown in health from which you are suffering has been very largely brought about by your unceasing exertions in the cause of justice to men broken in the war. I trust it may be some consolation to you to know that your splendid efforts are recognised on every hand. In thousands of homes all over the country your name will be remembered with affection.

JOHN BULL.

**To LORD ASHFIELD,
Chairman, London Underground Railways.**

DEAR LORD ASHFIELD,—There can be no question that the balance-sheets of the railways under your control are going to look very rosy—thanks to Wembley. This makes your latest action all the less creditable. The Exhibition authorities asked you to reduce the "all-in" price of 2s. 9d. to 2s., the Exhibition conceding the 6d. If you would concede the 3d. The reply of the railways was to reduce the price to 2s. 3d., providing that the Exhibition stood the whole of the reduction. Couldn't the railways have thought of something a little more generous?

JOHN BULL.

**To Sir J. W. OLIVE, K.B.E.,
Dep. Commr. of Metropolitan Police.**

SIR,—Next month you go into honoured retirement with forty-three years' police service to your credit. My good wishes go with you, for you are the type of man that I like. Over forty years ago you joined the Force as an ordinary constable, and by dint of sheer hard work you have progressed stage by stage until you have become second-in-command of the Force. Such a record is at once a great credit to yourself and the Force, and an encouragement to the humble workers in every sphere of human activity.

JOHN BULL.

**To the CHAIRMAN,
Manchester City Council.**

SIR,—Is not the Council over which you preside just a trifle out-of-date? You have, between you, defeated the suggestion that women teachers under your control should be paid the same salary as men who do the same work. These double standards are all wrong. There should not be one standard for men and another for women, either in money or in morals. All I hope is that what Manchester does to-day the rest of the country won't do to-morrow.

JOHN BULL.

**To BISHOP BARNES,
Birmingham.**

MY LORD,—Permit me to congratulate you on your preferment. You are the right man for the place. The war changed the face of the economic world, and modern scientific knowledge has shaken some ancient faiths. What the Church needs is men with perspicacity to recognise facts, and fearless enough to proclaim the truth as they see it. You have done much to clear religion of cant, humbug, and superstition. Birmingham may not realise it, but it is a fortunate city.

JOHN BULL.

**To T. H. BAKER, Esq.,
Colchester.**

SIR,—Because we are informed that steel workers in Silesia work sixty hours a week for 23s., you consider it "no wonder our steel and engineering works lack employment and that the 'plums' go to Germany." Am I to take it your remedy for unemployment is slave conditions and starvation wages? Argument would not reach your intelligence. My advice to you is to go to Silesia and work under those conditions. You might change what passes for your mind.

JOHN BULL.

**Mr. HORNBY,
East Yorks Farmers' Union.**

SIR,—Being a practical farmer, you ought to know a little about the subject of agriculture, and I gather from your recent speeches that you do. One of your statements is that "no one but a fool would grow corn." But are you not aware that the population of this country has got to live, and that bread is quite a considerable assistance in this matter? If your industry is in such a condition that it does not pay you to grow corn, can you be a little more statesmanlike and suggest how this can be remedied?

JOHN BULL.



GHILLIE "JOHN BULL": "Get them now they're rising, Ramsay."

*Without Fear or Favour***CHILDBIRTH: The Astounding Truth****Our Food Campaign**

AS we anticipated, our Pure Food Crusade has "caught on" with lightning speed, and from all parts of the country we have received letters commending our action. Most satisfactory of all are the assurances to hand from reputable purveyors who, far from resenting our action, applaud the intention we have announced to advertise none but guaranteed pure and wholesome foodstuffs.

Soon the analysts will be at work and we shall have facts and discoveries of sensational interest to put before our readers. The Minister of Health, we are assured, has "had his attention called" to our scheme, and as a consequence the Food Enquiry Committee's Report is to be expedited.

Our laboratory tests will go on as though no Committee were sitting and no Report withheld from a public whose patience is exhausted.

Meanwhile, in the present issue we publish an extraordinary article by Mr. Ellis Barker on perils arising from the unchecked use of aniline dyes and other foreign substances for the purpose of colouring and flavouring common articles of food and drink.

Quite bluntly Mr. Ellis Barker declares that the use of such evil adulterants is one of the chief causes of cancer. If this be true, it is a consolation to reflect that it is a cause easily removable if only the Ministry of Health can be aroused to a sense of its duty.

As a result of our own scheme, readers will be put in a position to judge for themselves of the extent to which the evil has spread.

Flirting with Death

EVERY week-end adds to the heavy toll of the charabanc disasters, and in the interests of the public it is time that steps were taken to deal effectively with this growing danger.

The charabanc fills a useful place in the life of the common people of this country, and no one would wish to lessen in any way their opportunities for holiday-making, travel and recreation. But these people must not be exploited by enterprising money-makers, with no interest in or enthusiasm for the principle of safety first.

Many of the charabancs on our roads are far too big for safe handling in traffic, and are driven far too fast. They are a danger not only to their passengers but to everybody who uses the roads.

There ought to be some authority whose business it is to see that unwieldy juggernauts are not allowed to infest our highways. Other vehicles engaged in passenger traffic have to pass exacting tests. Why not the charabanc?

A Case for the Scientist

FAR too many lives of both mothers and children are lost annually by the indifference shown to women during the period preceding their greatest ordeal—the bringing of children into the world.

WHEN does a child's life begin? It is no more than the scientific truth to answer "Nine months before its birth." The

period of pregnancy is an era of first-rate importance; firstly, to the prospective mother, who must draw near to the portals of death in order to give new life, and, secondly, to the child, whose whole future existence, as doctors now agree, may be shaped for good or ill by the conditions that precede its birth.

These simple truths are not sufficiently recognised. As a community we are criminally indifferent to the well-being of expectant mothers. As we recently complained in these columns, the British Government has declined to ratify the convention proposed by the League of Nations for ensuring to women engaged in industry proper periods of rest before and after childbirth. To our shame be it said that as a nation we evince little or no sympathy—none, at any rate, of a practical kind—for women, who, in order that the race may survive, have to face the most soul-testing ordeal that humanity is called upon to endure.

FOR thousands of sensitive women the bare thought of bringing a child into the world is a nightmare of dread. In hundreds of cases their nerves give way utterly under the strain of anticipation. At Hull the other day a woman, distracted by the thought of the ordeal she soon must face, wandered into a public park and threw herself into a pond.

At the infirmary to which she was taken after the rescue her condition must have been obvious; yet no care was taken that she should receive the treatment proper for expectant mothers, and after a perfunctory "talking to" the half-demented creature was sent back home. Six hours later she was found hanging with her throat cut. Scientific care such as up-to-date doctors know how to give might have calmed her fears and saved two precious lives.

The fear that assails women in these circumstances, especially on a third or fourth confinement, is not cowardice. It is a perfectly well understood symptom of pregnancy and calls for sympathetic treatment at skilled hands. It ought to be one of the chief duties of the Ministry of Health to provide sound advice and proper medical treatment for such.

Neglect of this duty is nothing short of culpable homicide. At Aberdeen not long ago the twin agonies of poverty and pregnancy brought about a tale of anguish from which sensitive minds will shrink with horror. In a moment of madness resulting quite commonly, as the doctors admit, from abnormal pregnancy, a woman killed her two children and then drew the knife across her own throat, wounding herself terribly though not fatally. At the climax of horror a child was born.

OBSTETRICIANS of the modern school, familiar with the means that exist for robbing childbirth of its terrors, without harm to mother or offspring, declare that such periods of fear can be prevented by wise forethought and care.

As soon as ever we are properly civilised we shall cease to demand of frail woman a needless martyrdom from which strong men might shrink without shame.



Dr. Haydn Brown, whose recent article on child-birth created widespread interest.

Without the Option

PROBABLY more people are imprisoned for poverty than for any other single crime. This may seem a startling statement, but what other inference is to be drawn from the recent Report of the Prison Commissioners stating that in 1923 no fewer than 15,000 persons went to jail in default of the payment of fines?

If such imprisonment is not the penalty of poverty, what is it? And the worst feature of all is that out of this total of 15,000 penniless prisoners, 12,000 were denied any period of grace in which to find the money. In 12,000 cases there was no "time to pay."

In our view the system under which such a breakdown of justice is possible stands utterly condemned. It was seen at its worst at the Old Street Police Court the other week when a man with ample means at his bank was refused an hour's respite and bundled off to prison in default of a £30 fine.

Such a state of affairs is scandalous. Fines are imposed upon persons whose conduct, while contrary to the law, is not so blameworthy as to merit imprisonment; but this essential distinction becomes of no account if inability to find the money "on the nail" is made a ground for punitive detention.

Every delinquent whose offence is punishable with a fine should be given reasonable facilities to discharge the amount by instalments, and if necessary the discretionary power of the magistrate in such matters must be curbed by a higher authority.

To imprison a man because he is poor is not justice.

A Broken Pledge

THIS journal was the first to espouse the cause of Mrs. Stan Harding, the unfortunate lady who, while working as a journalist in Russia, was arrested as a spy, sentenced to death, and then, while her life was spared, imprisoned in circumstances of the vilest indignity.

After a great deal of contention Mrs. Harding has received a grant of £3,000 compensation from the Soviet authorities, but she has a still heavier, and in our view an equally just, claim against the American Government, one of whose secret service agents falsely denounced her to the Russian Government as a spy.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who at the last General Election pledged himself to support Mrs. Harding's claim, now affects to dismiss the tragic episode as "a personal dispute between one lady and another."

Such trifling is unworthy of a British Prime Minister.

COLOSSAL FOOD RAMP

by A. G. GARDINER



Prof. J. W. Gregory,
D.Sc., who prophesies
a world famine 120
years hence.

IS there no cure for this monstrous burden of prices? asks a contributor, apropos of the latest increase in the price of the 4-lb. loaf—the third this year. Does it mean that Nature is giving out? Or that population has overtaken and passed the resources of production? Or is it entirely a result of deliberate policy? Is Nature the culprit or is the profiteer the culprit? In other words, are we suffering from a real famine or from an artificial famine?

I think there can be no question that a diagnosis of the disease acquits Nature. She is not the criminal. She is as fertile now as she was before the war, and is capable of providing abundance for all of us. There are two main causes of the disease. One is the world disorganisation created by the war which only the re-establishment of peace will remove. The other is the deliberate exploitation of the consumer organised by the people who control the supply of the necessities of life whether as wholesalers or retailers. These people tasted blood during the reckless profligacy which prevailed from 1914 to 1918.

WHAT has happened since and is happening now is the attempt to establish prices on the plunder basis. The chief organisers of famine and famine prices are the men who control the bulk supplies. Their method is always the same. They begin their offensive with a famine scare. There is to be a world shortage in wheat, in sugar, in potatoes or whatever may be the commodity they manipulate. The alarm goes out through the Press—always the easy medium for panic of any sort—and straightway there is buying to anticipate the promised famine. Then the prices begin to soar, stocks are withheld, there is another turn of the screw on the consumer and the profiteer rides off with his harvest of loot.

That is what happened in the case of sugar last autumn. Inspired forecasts appeared in the newspapers of a fall in the world production of sugar of 3,000,000 tons below world consumption. There was a rush of buying orders which advanced the commodity £5 to £6 a ton in four weeks, and up went the price to every consumer. The forecast was a calculated lie; but it did its infamous work and made its infamous fortunes.

THAT is what has happened in the case of wheat. The same propaganda of prospective famine has sent the price of flour bounding up from 37s. in April to 48s. 6d. to-day—all on the assumption of an entirely speculative shortage in the future. This terrific ramp has sent the price of flour up 25 per cent. and increased the cost of bread in every household in the country.

But it is not only the great manipulators of the market who get the plunder. The public is fleeced no less by the distributors, the manufacturer and the middleman. When wholesale prices go up, the retailer follows suit; but

when they go down, the retail prices do not follow.

Lord Linlithgow's Committee last year declared that the retailer to-day preferred "a restricted demand and a large margin of profit to a large turnover and a small margin." In a word, he, too, organises famine—some of the retail profits disclosed by the Linlithgow Committee were astounding—vegetables and fruit in West End shops sold at 344 per cent. above wholesale prices; in middle-class shops at 196 per cent., and even on street barrows at over 100 per cent. I have myself shown in these columns how the public and the producer alike are bled by the great milk combine.

WHO has got the benefit of the Snowden Budget? Is it the public or the profiteer? Take the case of tea. The tax has come down, but the trade has gobbled it up. Most of the well-known tea brands have gone up 2d. a pound. The crops have been deliberately restricted in order to exact higher prices from the public. Again famine is organised for profits.

And what profits they are! The Makum Company, for example, distributed 150 per cent. in the year just ended. The *Economist* gives the figures of sixty-nine tea companies whose net profits were £3,072,610, representing an average dividend of 56.2. Many of the companies made over 100 per cent. Or consider the profits of the great multi-shop concerns, as in the case of Lyons—dividend varying from 42½ to 25 per cent., with distribution of bonus shares thrown in. And now this firm, like Brooke Bonds and others, puts 2d. a lb. on tea.

The whole provision trade is falling into the hands of one gigantic trust. Within the past

few weeks I have seen announcements that Jurgens have acquired a huge interest in the Maypole Dairy Company, and that the Home and Colonial Stores have done the same. Thus these three enormous corporations have become practically one, and have mobilised their forces against the consumer.

AND the small grocer is in the swim with the big. The Conference of the Grocers' Federation at Cardiff a few weeks ago was chiefly occupied with a great scheme for fixing prices, obliterating any grocer who sold at a lower profit, and making it impossible for him to have the goods. The sinister fact about this precious conspiracy is that it is financed largely by the wholesalers and manufacturers who thus establish their grip on the retail trade. The chemists have done the same thing and claim to have profited by many thousands of pounds—got out of your pockets. Thus one vast tied house system, one huge organism for raising and keeping up the cost of living is being developed, as in the bloated drink trade, whose profits have grown from £9,971,000 in 1913-14 to £19,000,000 in 1922-23.

Is there no defence against this conspiracy of the profiteers, large and small, against the consumer? The whole purpose of which is to obliterate competition, to cut down supplies, put up prices, and hold the public by the throat. It is sheer, unmitigated garrotting. If Parliament cannot find a cure for the evil, cannot protect the common people from the vultures who prey upon them, then this country will turn, wisely or unwisely, to Socialism or Fascism. And it will not be the fault of the people. This thing cannot be endured.

We have long been a Nation of Fools, but that is better than being dubbed Hypocrites.

WE really are a comic people. The Germans call us a race of hypocrites; but the word is too serious to fit us. We are too desperately honest in our humbug to be hypocrites. Our fits of virtue deceive nobody, not even ourselves. They are not really meant to deceive: they are a conventional form of make-believe put on, not to screen our little failings, but merely to signify that we are not inordinately proud of them.

Look, for instance, at the notices issued by the Home Office to suppress sweepstakes on the Derby. Where these are promoted by private speculators, they doubtless do call for official scrutiny in the interests of poor people who risk their half-crowns on them. But what earthly possibility of injury or wrong can be associated with the "sweeps" promoted for the pleasure of their members by the committees of working men's clubs or of institutions like the Stock Exchange?

In the case of the latter, the ostensible purpose of protecting public morality from the evil of gambling is reduced to absolute farce by the common knowledge that every day brings speculative gains or losses of thousands of pounds to its members. And in the case of social clubs, what a

ridiculous and silly sham it is to prevent the harmless excitement of a shilling or half-crown "flutter" to their modest sportsmen, while policemen are appointed at every race meeting to protect the shouting bookmakers in the betting ring!

What conceivable harm is done to public morality by the average citizen's desire to take his little part in the great national hobby? I personally never bet, and know nothing of horse-racing. But every year, when the Derby comes, I put down my name on my club's sweepstake sheet, and patriotically venture my modest stake on my country's most popular sporting event. And though I never yet won a ha'penny by the investment, I get much more than my money's worth in the pleasurable interest I acquire in a time-hallowed British institution, and the knowledge that my few shillings are helping the funds of some needy public charity.

To speculate is human, to win divine. Everybody risks stakes in the hazards of existence. Actors, soldiers, politicians, explorers, business

PECKSNIFFS



The Rt. Hon. A. Henderson, who is responsible for the cent cleaning up.

IS JERRY A JUDAS?

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

WHAT the average man wants to know is not what German delegates will say and do at an International Conference, but what the German nation is thinking in its secret heart. Is it brooding on a war of revenge? Or, does it want the honourable friendship of peaceful nations? Why doesn't Germany speak out and convince the world that it is honest and above board?

THROUGH the window at which I sit writing comes the sound of waves breaking gently on the shore of a beautiful English bay. If I walked to the end of the cliff I should see fathers helping their children to build sand-castles, and mothers tucking the skirts of their little daughters into bathing drawers—the edge of the sea full of paddlers and bathers wading out to deep water.

I am reminded that many thousands of children who thus played on the shores of England in August 1907, were disfigured corpses in 1915.

Only seven or eight years separated "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild" from "Tipperary." Only seven or eight years separated the first sand-castle at the seaside from the last cross marked resting-place in Flanders. Only seven or eight years separated the bright heaven of childhood from the fierce hell of war. Hardly were the exquisite freshness and the lovely innocence of those children touched by the knowledge of evil before leath in its most hideous, terrifying and unnatural aspect had blotted them out of human life.

Which of us, remembering the swiftness of that transition, and looking ahead into the history of Europe and the progress of mankind, dares to think what may be the fate in seven years' time of all those beautiful and happy children who are now playing on the shores of the British Islands?

THIS is a question for the fathers and mothers of those children. They are not only responsible for the health and happiness of their children, but for the world in which they will be living seven years on from now. They are deciding the destiny of those children by their

thoughts and their affections. Either the weight of their characters is on the side of peace or on the side of war. Either they are helping the world to become a Paradise or a Slaughter House.

How different had been the fate of Europe if all those parents who joined in the games of their children in August, 1907, had felt it to be a part of their parental duty to discover what was in the mind of Germany, and what course our statesmen were pursuing to secure the peace of the world.

At the present moment these same two questions press for an answer. It is vitally important to the happiness of innocent children now building sand-castles on the shores of England, and scarcely aware that there is such a country in the world as Germany, that their parents should know what is in the German mind and what our statesmen are doing to guard our people from the horrors of war.

GERMANY is still the greatest of world questions. What is stirring in the German mind will decide the destiny of English children in the years which are fast approaching. We can no more ignore German thought than our climate can ignore Atlantic weather.

What is Germany thinking about? Does anybody know? A lady in whose judgment I have great confidence writes to me from Switzerland saying that she and her husband have been driven out of their hotel by the intolerable bad manners of rich Germans who openly scoff at the "Save the Children Fund," spend money lavishly, and make no bones of their determination to be revenged on France. The same story comes from Italy. On the other hand, all my advices from Germany tell of suffering, grinding poverty, and

a tremendous depression of mind. "The people would never stand another war." "They are not repentant, but they are broken-spirited."

In all this we have the opinions of other people. We do not hear the voice of Germany. Germany does not speak to us. Germany answers our diplomatic notes, but does not tell us what is in her mind. Our facts are gossip. We do not want to know what British people think Germany is thinking, but what Germany herself has to say of her intentions. Does she seek the friendship of mankind or a war of revenge?

We can do something to settle this matter if we encourage Germany to speak her mind. Let us endeavour to convince Germans that their silence is holding back the world, and that they are now regarded by many as outcasts and pariahs, not because of the action of their War Party in 1914, but because they themselves are suspected by the rest of Europe of nursing the murderous idea of revenge. No one knows with certainty what is in their minds. They are like a passenger in a ship who is avoided by everyone because he is suspected of being a card-sharper.

I think that the best way of inducing candour on the part of Germany is to avoid all well-meant sentimentalism and to make it perfectly clear to her that we British people regard her state of mind as a matter of business. That is to say, we are ready to shake hands with her, and to help her, if she is seriously determined to live peacefully and modestly with the rest of the world; but, on the other hand, if she is nursing the idea of revenge there is no fire-eating Frenchman more determined than we are to shut the gates of mercy on her people.

The sight of our children playing on the seashore should make us utterly relentless in this matter. We should regard the idea of revenge in Germany as our health authorities regard plague germs in Asia, or foot and mouth disease in England. We have got Germany down at this moment, and we must keep her down for ever, unless her mind is changed and she has become a war-hater. Let us tell her what is in our mind on this matter that she may be induced to tell us what is in hers.

OUR nation, I am convinced, will never make real friends with Germany until she has definitely declared her mind for peace, and given ample evidence that she has for ever abandoned the path of militarism. Until she speaks, she will suffer; and until she convinces mankind of her peaceful intentions she will be the world's prisoner.

If our statesmen and our newspapers would make this fact of British opinion absolutely clear to the German mind, all that is sanest and most moral in Germany might be encouraged to speak the right word and to take the right path. We do not want to kick Germany, while she is down; but we do not intend, for the sake of our children, to let her get up until she is fit for our friendship.



Dr. Marx, the German Imperial Chancellor and head of the German Delegation now in London.

IS IN POLITICS

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON
(“Dangle”)

men, or writing men, all of us who seek to win fame or fortune are speculators in the great gamble of life. If Fate had condemned me to carry bricks up a ladder every day, I would probably try to

bring some variety into the monotony of things by the occasional outlay of my “bob” on a “certainty.”

It is true that of all the world's vagaries, racing “certainties” are the most uncertain. But there is always a chance. There is hope. There is excitement. There is relief from the eternal blankness and dullness of things. Betting does not open a promising avenue to affluence; but to many men it provides the only possible access to the healthy stimulants of adventure.

What spice or colour is offered in the average workman's drudgery?

He begins with a boyhood of board-school. He graduates to a manhood of “repetition” work in a workshop. He acquires the worry and anxiety of married life on a small and precarious income, the rearing of a family, and a continuous grad of pinching and struggling and

sweating until the arm grows feeble, the back is bent, and then—?”

To make bricks all day long. To lay them. Day after day, year after year, the same dull, changeless, “demonition grind.” My work has variety in it—stimulus for heart and brain. But the man who has always the same sawing and planing, hammering and filing, stitching and snipping—how is he to get any zest into his life?

His wage, if he is lucky enough to keep it, is a fixed quantity. He cannot gamble on his talent, his pluck, his energy, as artists, authors, traders, soldiers, and politicians do. He has not a thousand to one chance of winning distinction. His existence is hemmed in as with a high and dreary wall. What chance has he of surmounting that wall and treading the pleasant fields beyond—except by some miraculous lift of Fortune's wheel?

The chance, the hope, the bare possibility of success—these are the elements that make some lives tolerable. There is nothing so immoral as dullness.

If I were a great statesman I would not start my illustrious career by banning Derby sweeps.



Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, who is responsible for the re-cleaning up order

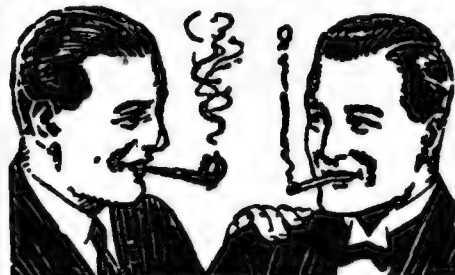
LIVE IN A SOUTH AFRICAN TOWN.

The many who in recent years have travelled in South Africa to escape the English winter, found the country congenial and charges reasonable. They and their friends are increasingly considering the question of making their permanent homes there. They feel that in a South African town living conditions may be easier and more to their taste than in Europe.

Guidance on the subject is now available. A comprehensive official publication is being issued. It contains, for twenty typical South African towns, specific data about climate, environment, amenities; housing, cost of living, servants; and generally such information as will enable enquirers to judge urban residential conditions in the Union of South Africa.

A copy may be obtained from the Publicity Agent, Office of the High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. Write for Residential Booklet "F.X." It is free.

The "Sunripe Twins"



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what a woman thinks, but you always know what a man thinks when you offer him a "SUNRIPE." He smiles as he thinks. "Here's another fellow who knows what a Cigarette should be." SUNRIPE—the Extra Size Cigarettes, made so well from sun-ripened matured Golden Leaf—cost no more than ordinary cigarettes, but what exquisite flavour and real satisfaction one gets from a SUNRIPE.

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The Sentence of the Court

Young Wife's Gethsemane

Deptford Doctor's Conduct

by HARRISON OWEN

BEFORE the High Court of Public Opinion, Dr. Percy Bateman, of Deptford, was charged with gross errors of judgment while attending Mrs. Mary Ann Harding.

In his opening, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., summarised the evidence given at the coroner's inquiry into Mrs. Harding's death. "On the night of July 23," said counsel, "the accused was called to attend this young woman, who later gave birth to a dead child, an entire organ coming away in the process. This in itself was an extraordinary happening and the assistant medical superintendent at the Greenwich and Deptford Hospital expressed the opinion that a great amount of violence must have been used."



"The nurse in attendance urged that the unfortunate woman should be removed to a hospital, but the accused replied that this could be done when she got 'a bit better,' took away the organ which had been dislodged, and told the nurse to say nothing about it. From the early hours of that Thursday morning Mrs. Harding was in the greatest

agony, yet it was not until the following Monday that she was taken to a hospital, where, two days later, she died. A post-mortem examination disclosed rupture, perforation and laceration of the internal organs.

"Day by day while Mrs. Harding was suffering torture she was visited by the accused. She cried piteously for 'something to relieve the pain,' yet no attempt was made to perform the surgical operation which might have saved her life. The only explanation of his inaction that Bateman offered the coroner was that he had expected the woman to die 'almost immediately' and that if any attempt had been made to remove her she would have died at once. Apparently he kept on thinking for four days that his patient would die 'almost immediately,' with the result that when she was at last taken to the hospital she was in a moribund condition and too weak to undergo an operation."

IN defence, Mr. Strawsplitter said that Dr. Bateman had been the victim of cruel and unusual circumstances. The case was so extraordinary that the doctor had considered sending notes concerning it to the medical journals. In telling the nurse not to say anything about the dislodged organ he had acted out of consideration for the relatives, and, not wishing to leave such a grisly relic lying about, he had taken the organ to his surgery.



That Dr. Bateman should have been made the victim of an attack by the coroner was scandalous.

THE jury found the accused "Guilty."

"It is a long time," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "since I have had before me a case which has pained and astonished me as has this Zolaesque horror. Whether the terrible injuries inflicted upon this unhappy woman were or were not due to bungling, there can be no doubt that Bateman was subsequently guilty of a grave error of judgment, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in allowing his patient to suffer days of excruciating agony his judgment was not unaffected by the knowledge that her removal to a hospital would result in the original mishap being discovered. I endorse the censure passed upon Bateman by the coroner, and I hope that the widest publicity will be given the facts, so that no other woman need risk suffering as Mrs. Harding suffered."

Saints and Sinners

A Woman of Some Importance

In and out of
the House

by HESKETH PEARSON

HER greatest enemy cannot deny Lady Astor the virtue of courage. Not so very long ago her courage would have been called masculine. But we know better than that nowadays. Without the smallest diminution in my respect for the rich and extensive vocabulary introduced into public life by the Labour Party, I yet say, unhesitatingly, that it takes a woman to call a spade "a blooming shovel."

Lady Astor's first appearance in the House of Commons was a portent, a danger-signal, a sign of the times. No wonder it inspired that picture about which we have been hearing so much lately. But few people at the time grasped its real significance. It meant nothing less than the return of puritanism to politics.

A MAN stands for Parliament because his father did so before him, or because it's good for business, or because he's ambitious, or because it's "the thing" to do. But a woman enters politics because she badly wants to get something done—and that "something" too often implies a restriction of freedom.

The return of Lady Astor was a

definite challenge to freedom. And no one so far has had the pluck to take up the gauntlet. She has already made her mark upon parliamentary legislation in a manner that no male member, acting alone, could possibly have done. It was entirely due to her that a bill to civilise our divorce laws was thrown out.

Then, too, she has been solely responsible for a reform in the liquor traffic—which, of course, is simply the thin edge of the prohibition wedge. In all but name she is an out-and-out prohibitionist—for others. Wherever freedom and restriction are the points at issue, she may be depended upon to come down on the side of restriction.

Like all narrow-minded women—



and it cannot be said too often that narrow minds will be the distinctive feature of women M.P.s for some time to come—she is a terrible enemy to her own sex. No man has ever done women a worse turn than she did them in connection with the divorce bill to which I have alluded. Compared with that all the shilly-shallying of pre-war cabinet ministers over woman suffrage was considerate and Christian.

HER action put back the clock of progress, and dealt the feminine cause a dastardly stab in the back. Perhaps one can understand, after that terrible betrayal and disgusting piece of hypocrisy, why the vast majority of women would prefer to be governed by men.

Personally, she is a very charming lady, with a fund of ready repartee and much native courtesy. She is an admirable hostess, a generous header of subscription lists and full of sympathy for the poor and needy. In every sense except a legislative one she leaves little to be desired. But she has mistaken her proper sphere of usefulness. She would have made an admirable district visitor.

A Ghastly Superstition

"Into his face there came a look of unutterable tenderness. The surgeon had received his reward."

by A HOSPITAL
SUPERINTENDENT

EIGHT hundred thousand children were born in England and Wales during 1922. One hundred thousand of them died before they reached their first birthday. Seventy thousand more suffered from rickets, convulsions and wasting diseases. Seventeen thousand were born blind or deaf.

A nation of C3 children. What a ghastly prospect for the future of the race! Slums and poverty are not the only weapons of destruction. There is a more powerful death-ray at work. It is called venereal disease. In this country there are clinics where children suffering from this foul complaint are treated. What tragic little patients they are! Poor innocent fragments of humanity, born with a handicap impossible to carry. Heartrending stories might be told of the tortures they suffer. I have seen doctors—strong men physically—tremble violently when dealing with these cases.

Sold to Sin

A few weeks ago a girl of ten years old suffering from a venereal disease was brought by the police to my hospital for treatment. The story was a sad and sordid one. The child had been bought in the East End of London for £5. She had been purchased for a purpose. A man who was being kept by the

immoral earnings of a woman had contracted this disease, and, incredibly ignorant, he conceived the ghastly superstition that intercourse with an innocent child would cure the complaint.

There is not a vestige of truth in such an assumption, and yet this is not the first case where such a thing has come to light. The woman, frightened by the child's condition, informed the police, but unfortunately it was too late.

Damned into the World

When the man was arrested, the damage had been done. Sentence of imprisonment could not eradicate the ravages of this loathsome disease.

For weeks that child passed through hell. Her condition was nauseating in the extreme. She suffered agonising pain.

Expert medical skill and careful nursing pulled her through, but her experience will leave indelible marks upon her.

Like Dante's Beatrice, she had descended to the gates of hell, and her body had been singed by the breath of the volcanic fire.

The foulest blot on our escutcheon is that children can still be bought and sold to gratify the passions of base fiends. Yet we are a civilised community?

In these venereal clinics are wards

for other sufferers—children who have the disease born with them. Let me tell of one. He came to us, a pathetic emaciated wreck. Five years old, this boy was going blind.

In order to treat him efficiently, we had to investigate his previous history and environment. He lived in a two-roomed flat in a back street in Pimlico.

His father was serving a term of penal servitude. His mother, a respectable woman, worked in Soho from early morning until late at night for a mere pittance.

She had had five children, three of whom were stillborn—the fourth had lived to be eight months, and had died from convulsions. The remaining one became our patient.

In a voice which throbbed with emotion, the mother pleaded with us to save her baby boy. She would never have another, she said, and her child was the only thing in the world which made life worth living.

I can see that woman now, grey-haired, tired-faced, horny-handed. Her eyes revealed the sufferings through which she had passed, but they had not embittered her.

Love's Miracle

When she told me her story there was not one word of complaint against the man who was responsible

for her child's condition. In disgrace and ruin he was still her husband—the father of her child. She had the noblest soul of any woman I have met.

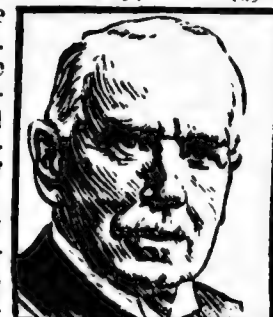
When told that an operation must be performed on her boy, she begged to know the day and hour.

All through the night preceding, she waited in the neighbourhood of the hospital. Unfortunately the first operation was not successful, and a second one

had to be arranged. What a terrible agony that woman passed through during that critical time! The second operation was amazingly successful—a miracle of surgery.

Later, his eye shades were taken off permanently, and as he was leaving the hospital he asked, "Can't I see the man what's opened my eyes?"

The surgeon was standing by at the time. Into his face there came a look of unutterable tenderness. He had received his reward.



Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the famous surgeon, prominent in the campaign against the dread disease.

Under our present laws sane persons run the risk of being incarcerated for ever

by EDWARD G. SMITH (Secretary of the National Society for Lunacy Reform)

OUR asylums to-day are prisons for detention instead of hospitals for cure.

Once in an asylum, as the law now stands, you are there for life. Mental experts are the last people in the world to discard you.



The Countess of Alderdeen, a leading light in the movement for Lunacy Reform.

By the admission of the authorities themselves, mental institutions are places of detention and not of skilled treatment. Innumerable witnesses testify to the miserable condition of a large number of the patients.

Their existence is one round of deadly monotony, without freedom, possessions, friends, incentive, and therefore, in so many cases, the desire to live. In no other place, except it be a prison, does the instinct of self-preservation fail. To arouse a man from acute depression he may be told that he will "get out" soon, but the reaction that sets in when month after month passes and petition after petition is refused, only makes his condition worse.

It is to enquire into such conditions that the newly appointed Royal Commission on Lunacy Administration and Mental Treatment has been set up. But there is at least one remarkable omission. The Commission contains no authority on psychology as it is understood at the present time.

Astounding Revelations

A large number of witnesses who will appear before the Commission will undoubtedly be examples of unusual psychological conditions.

This will not mean that they are mad, but that they have been and are still subject to abnormal mental and nervous experiences.

We have agitated for the Commission which has now been appointed for four years, and it is our present aim to see that it is properly constituted and is thorough in its method of enquiry and just and wise in its conclusions.

To this end we are sifting a mass of reliable evidence, which we intend to place before the Commission to prove the necessity for reform. The evidence is such as will astound the public, the public who are lamentably ignorant of the misuse of power possible under the present Lunacy Act.

Recent judicial actions have made

it quite clear that persons who are not insane can be certified as lunatics and confined in public asylums, and there is abundance of incontestable evidence to show that in the asylums are a large number of persons who are not insane, but cannot, under the present administration of the lunacy laws, obtain release.

The evidence of such witnesses may be of the greatest moment, and it would be most deplorable if it were discounted because certain facts, known to a number of advanced scientists, still appear incredible and delusional to the man or woman whose standard of experience is merely that of the average person.

This is a point of the greatest possible importance, and I want to emphasise it in the hope that public opinion will demand, even at this late hour, an addition to the personnel of the Royal Commission which will remedy this unfortunate defect.

Objectionable Methods

That we are not without warrant in denouncing the present methods is proved by the fact that the treatment of ex-Service men as ordinary asylum patients was so scandalous that the Ministry of Pensions was compelled by public clamour to make certain improvements. But the ordinary asylum patients still re-

main and have been given no special relief.

These facts should speak for themselves, in that by their own action the authorities have tacitly admitted that the remaining pauper patients are receiving inadequate and improper treatment.

Careless Doctors

We have ample evidence that not only are there negative objections to the present system owing to an almost entire absence of curative methods, which makes of asylums mere places of detention; but there is systematic downright cruelty owing to the conditions under which the administration is run.

A reading of the Act of 1890 would suggest that it is very difficult indeed for a sane person to be certified and sent to an asylum. In practice the wrongful certification of individuals is deplorably easy.

The two doctors whose signatures on the reception order are necessary may be careless, ignorant or not too honest. They give but a cursory examination of the inspected person.

In the last Board of Control report there is the official admission that twenty-two sane persons were sent to asylums during one year.

Safeguards ought to be devised against contingencies of this sort.

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Human Documents.

Man's Inhumanity to Man

And other problems which trouble everyday life

I DESIRE to draw your attention to the persistent harrying by police constables with nothing better to do (hard up for a job again) of unfortunate street traders of the coster class. This action culminated recently in violent scenes in Holloway Road, N., provoked by the (to my mind) entirely uncalled for and totally unjustifiable arrest of one of these barrow-men for "obstruction." This charge is continually being made against these hapless and unfortunate people, whose real offence appears to be their "down and outedness."

To anyone like the writer, who happens to be thoroughly conversant with the hardships and the precarious nature of the hawkers' calling, together with its meagre and scanty profits, it is palpable that the infliction of even a few shillings' fine means in many cases an end to their little business.

Let the police, exercise a little human sympathy, if commonsense is out of the question, and recognise that they as a class are especially fortunate at the present time.

Good wages, little to do, a pension of £3 at fifty years of age, a suit of working clothes free, and other advantages entirely unknown to many a thoroughly competent and really learned professional man; is it too much to ask a little consideration for their less fortunate fellow countrymen? Many of the latter of whom, "wined and dined" when on leave during the war, are now being chased and hunted round the streets of London for attempting to turn an honest penny and avoid the hated Labour Exchange and Relief Office.

Is it surprising that Bolsheviks and Communists are being manufactured wholesale by these dirty Prussian methods? Surely ordinary common reason should demonstrate the axiomatic truth that every man deprived of his miserable means of livelihood means another pauper for the weighed-down ratepayer to keep, either in workhouse or jail.

Alien crooks appear to be perpetrating "long firm" and fire insurance frauds upon almost a wholesale scale up and down the country with little hindrance. West End streets are haunted night and day by gangs of dirty foreign prostitutes and their "pimps," who appear to be having a right good merry time of it on the proceeds of blackmail and robbery; but why worry over these trifles when a far easier "game" is to be had?

The thoughts of one of the heroes of the Marne, Loos or "Hill 60" trudging about with a barrow of cherries or bananas for fourteen hours—and I have known a man to do it—and in the pouring rain, with a sick wife and one or two children herded in one room of a dirty hovel off Holloway Road, N., or Lisson

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Grove, W., of course, is enough to rouse the indignation of any right-minded "bailie" and his minions of the law, and the "dignity, dear boy, of authority must be asserted, you know."

"Humanist" says: I gladly publish this letter, though it is of an unusual type on this page, because I agree that the utmost consideration ought to be shown to these poor people, who are doing their best to keep off the dole. I am sending a copy of this letter to Scotland Yard.

I HAVE a friend—a girl of eighteen. She is practically alone in the world. Her mother died when she was fourteen. Her father recalled my friend from school to keep house for him. A year ago, without warning, he suddenly married again—a girl of nineteen, who at once (naturally, I suppose) took charge of affairs. She turned on my friend and told her she could go and earn her own living, as there was not room for both of them in the house. To my friend's dismay, her father sided with his new wife and implied that it would be better if his daughter left home—which she did.

Her Foreign Fiancee
"Alone in the world, untrained, with only an average education which she had continued by private studies at home, she managed to obtain a post as a nursery governess, stating that she was twenty-two. Early this year she went to America with her employers."

"I knew she was not very happy and was lonely and homesick for a home she could no longer go to. Now I have just had a letter from her saying that she is engaged to be married to—a Greek! Humanist, you can imagine what a shock I had. My friend seems fascinated by his looks and manner. It seems terrible to me that she should be throwing herself away on a man not of her own race. But what can I do to stop it? Her age being given as twenty-two, she will not be asked for the consent of her guardian—even if her father cared what became of his daughter!"

"Humanist" says: I think your first duty is to mind your own business. Do you really believe that all girls who marry foreigners are "throwing themselves away"? You don't know anything against the man and you are almost in hysterics. Are you a reader of cheap fiction?

WHEN I was an officer in the Army of Occupation at Cologne, I had as a batman a Cockney from Whitechapel, a fellow who no doubt lived entirely on his wits in pre-war civilian life. During the time I was stationed there I was

Out of the Past
tempted by gay military friends to indulge in the pleasures afforded by the shady side of life in that town, and there were unpleasant episodes with loose-living women of which now I am thoroughly ashamed.

"At the close of my soldiering I married a country clergyman's daughter to whom I was engaged before the war, a girl of high principle who imagines my life has been all it should have been.

"We settled down in a large country house some miles outside the city of . . . , where, upon my father's death, I took over his flourishing business. A few months after our marriage my one-time Army servant came to me and suggested that I should give him the post of odd man about the house.

"Not wishing to incur the displeasure of this man who knows so much, I unwisely acquiesced, and so I have saddled myself with an ever-present danger. He never openly blackmails, but is always borrowing small sums which he never repays, and moreover does not earn a tenth of what I pay by the work he accomplishes. If I object he casually remarks in tones almost audible to my wife about shady events of which some day I fear she will learn. Whatever must I do to rid myself of this unwelcome workman?"

"Humanist" says: Tell him you have decided to make a change, and let him go. You cannot charge him with blackmail, but you must regain your liberty at all costs. If your wife should learn of your folly—that is better than that you should be so meanly harassed. Courage in these matters is nearly always justified.

THREE years ago I married as I thought a widow with one child. My wife and I have lived very happily and have two children of our own.

Bigamous Wife
"Now my wife has confessed to me that her husband is alive, and that she committed bigamy to marry me. I am devoted to her and she to me, but I am torn between my sense of honour and my duty to her.

"What do you advise?"
"Humanist" says: What do you expect me to say—give your wife up to the nearest policeman? I certainly say nothing of the kind. There are illegalities that are not crimes, Lord Carson once said. If I were in your case I should have no hesitation in relying on that doctrine. Your "wife" ought not to have deceived you; but she has done her best to alone for it. How could you better your lot or the children's by putting her in jail?

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles
by FRANK HOLLAND

The Obstinate Patient.

"A woman I know is suffering from a shocking infectious disease. She will not admit it, and refuses all attention. She is dying. Can I compel her to go into hospital, which may save her life?"

Consult the local sanitary authority. Things like this can usually be arranged by a little harmless officiousness.

Police Corruption.

Two policemen in my district make a lot of money taking bribes from book-makers and their runners. I warned them I will report them, and they are making my life a misery. How can I defy them in the name of justice and fairplay?

Report the matter to the Chief Constable. He will protect you adequately. Send me further particulars.

A Sister's Honour.

"My sister is living with a black man. She will not leave him although he ill-treats her abominably. If I go to see him I am afraid I shall kill him for betraying my sister's honour and forcing her to a life of shame. How can I save her?"

Tell the facts to Scotland Yard. The law deals severely—but not too severely—with black pests like this.

His Best Friend.

"I am seventy and totally blind. For years I have lived all alone, and have got about by the help of my beloved guiding dog. He has just died—from poison administered by some unknown person. What can I do?"

I am really very sorry for you, and have arranged to get you a dog. Try to console yourself that your affliction was accidental. That may help you to bear the loss.

A Wanton Woman.

"I am a publican, and one of my barmaids is a motherless Irish girl of nineteen. She has been led astray, and is telling people I am to blame—a groundless allegation. My wife threatens to leave me unless I prosecute the girl to defend my character."

Dismiss the girl, not because she has been unfortunate, but because she is deliberately endeavouring to do you an injury. Her dismissal ought to placate your wife.

Strange Notion.

"I am passionately fond of a man who has been married before—to my sister, now dead. He wants me to marry him, and I cannot decide on this matter, fearing that if any children are born to us they may be abnormal in mind owing to the close blood relationship."

You are talking nonsense. There is no close blood relationship between a man and his sister-in-law. The relationship is of marriage not kinship.

Thief's Plunder.

"A bogus electrician called upon me recently in an official capacity (as I thought) to overhaul the electrical fittings. He left with my life savings and a ring my mother gave me when she was dying. I am a widow, and the police cannot do very much as he left no clues as to his identity."

I am afraid I cannot help you either. But report the incident to Scotland Yard. They may catch the rascal sooner or later.

In the Rectory.

"A clergyman's wife, I have two daughters, the best girls in the world. But they have learned to smoke, and have scandalised the neighbourhood by publicly smoking after a tennis club lunch. My husband feels that his usefulness is lessened by this scandal."

I think your husband is worrying himself quite unnecessarily. There is no moral turpitude about smoking, and it is now quite common among women. There is nothing for him to be ashamed of and much to be grateful in having daughters whom you can describe as "the best girls in the world."

Words Winged to Women

Women Who Keep Men

by ONE OF THEM

IN spite of the fact that women are enfranchised, there are still a large number of people who persist in looking upon women as the privileged sex—privileged, that is, to stay at home and keep the house while the husband or some other male relative goes out to face the world and earn the family living.

It is this sort of loose thinking that obtains when public bodies, such as education committees, decide to sack all their married women teachers—sometimes giving the same post to a callow youth without home responsibilities.



Miss M. Bondfield, M.P., a fighter on behalf of women

Or it may be a medical woman who suddenly finds herself dismissed from a lucrative job because she has had the temerity to take unto herself a mate, the idea being, that when a woman marries she is going to be kept in clover for the rest of her natural life.

That might be true in prehistoric days when man was a hunter and woman stayed in the corral to tend the pots. It bears no relationship to the facts of modern industrial life. In the north especially there are whole towns where in the majority of cases the women are breadwinners. But the system of payment is based on the assumption that only men have dependents. Indeed the figures, culled from the last census returns by a professor of the London School of Economics, are eye-opening.

In one town, out of 677 households, only 290 were maintained by one man alone—a proof that the assumption of all men having families to support on their wages is untrue.

AT a baby clinic in London it was found that two-thirds of the children helped were entirely supported by their mothers. But it is not only children whom women have

to support. It is chiefly upon women that the care of invalids and aged parents completely falls. This is a burden—however cheerfully borne—that necessarily increases as the wage-earner grows older.

Take the Civil Service—commonly reported to consist of flirts and tea-fighters. The truth is that women, like men, work in the Civil Service because they need the money it brings.

From the evidence given before the Royal Commission on Civil Service we gather the following: Of women with over seven years' service 37 per cent. had dependents; over 10 years' service 41 per cent. had dependents; over 15 years' service 43 per cent. had dependents; over 20 years' service 84 per cent. had dependents.

This is a sound proof that woman's work increases as the years go on.

Yet all these women are paid on the sex basis, which means they get for the same work less than men. It has been stated before, but it cannot be too often said that it is unequal pay which drives out men.

IN Sweden, under equal pay, the number of men and women teachers in the schools were the same. But when equal pay was abolished the proportion of men dropped from 50 per cent. to 20. The women replaced the men because they were cheaper.

There are, perhaps, some women who feel contented to work while the men are unemployed, but I am not among that number. I believe that the soundest national life is secured when the old traditions of family life are kept. That means the mother, at any rate, being at her post of duty, which is to turn a dwelling-house into a home. Man, said Ruskin, builds the house, but woman only can make it a home.

If women believe this they will try to make it true. They will press for domestic legislation. It must be made possible for man to be at his post of duty also, and that is to bring in the living for wife and child.

There is something out of joint in the nation where the mothers go out to work while the men are unemployed.



Once more in that "distressful l-1-1-1"
The "wigs are on the green."
Or (stated in more vulgar style)
The pigs are on the scene.



Now that at last we've overcome
Our trouble with the Russians,
We probably may come to some
Arrangement with the Prussians.



Sun-bathing is the latest craze.
The health cranks have begun.
You lie and laze beneath its blaze.
WHEN YOU CAN FIND THE SUN!



So we have got to face the loss
While Sam has got "the co's,"
And every year he steps across
To come and "see the ruins."

Are You Happy?

MOST people who are miserable might be happy if they only knew what we know.

Their trouble is that they don't know, and, like children, they fear the unknown.

Marcus Aurelius lived long before we were born, but he acquired wisdom which the present generation seems to have missed. He said:—

"The greater part of your trouble lies in your own imagination, and you may free yourself from it when you please."

JOHN BULL has learned enough to know that half the troubles of the world can be solved if you know where to look for the remedy.

WE have retained a staff of men and women who have had a lifetime of experience in settling troubles of all kinds, legal business, domestic, and

personal, and there is no problem of life which they are not prepared to tackle.

That great American preacher, Henry Ward Beecher, said, "It is not work that kills a man; it is worry."

IT is the work of the special staff of the JOHN BULL Free Advice Bureau to find a solution to all your worries. Work will never kill them, but they can save you from being worried to death.

Whatever your trouble may be, write to JOHN BULL about it, and you will receive the best advice that can be given to you. You will receive more. You will have the sympathy of a friend, someone who is always ready to hold out a helping hand.

Let us lift the burden of care from your shoulders. Write to JOHN BULL about it. We can kill that care.

The Horse Doper at Work

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NOWADAYS Turf doping scandals are, happily, few and far between, but so long as racing is allowed they will rear their ugly heads occasionally, and I do not think there is any doubt now that Bucellas was "got at" at Goodwood. Someone wanted the favourite out of the way.

Basil Jarvis' horse started at 18 to 8; reeled home like a drunkard, and finished unplaced, while, much to the delight of the locals, Priory Park, trained at Singleton, near the course, ran away with the race.

Jarvis was thunderstruck at the poor display of the son of Buchan, and in the hope of justifying his suspicions, he had a specimen of the horse's saliva taken. I understand that he is still pursuing his enquiries, and it is quite likely that we shall hear more of the matter.

In the meantime regard Bucellas as a non-runner. He is a good one and will win races. You can also make money by following Priory Park. He surprised the fashionable stables.

Brighton's Comic Course.

I see the Brighton people have been given an additional fixture next year. Why? This is one of the most comic courses in the country, and savours more of a circus than anything else. Why not an extra meeting at Liverpool or Newcastle, or one of the other Northern meetings where the courses are true ones and the organisation what it ought to be?

I do not know what applications are made every year to the Jockey Club for fixtures, but if I had to allot the fixtures according to the racing value of the courses over which they are held, some executives would have a lean time.

Any number of them do not know how to cater for the public, and, what is worse, they don't care!

George Duller, the Versatile.

Owing to his weight, it is not often we have the good fortune to see George Duller in the saddle during the flat race season, consequently it was a treat for the holiday crowd at Brighton to see him romp home by four lengths on his father's horse, Jimmy Valentine.

George Duller is the best hurdle jockey we have had for many years, and he also

looks like making a name for himself as a motorist. He captured one of the events at Brooklands on Bank Holiday, his car averaging just over eighty-four miles an hour.

Duller has not taken up aviation yet, but one never knows.

St. Leger News.

The disquieting rumours of Sansovino have alarmed the punters who dashed in to take the ridiculous price of threes and fours about Lord Derby's chance for the last of the "Classics."

There is not much the matter with the colt, but why back him now? Polyphontes, Salmon Trout, Hurstwood, and one or two others, will all have a large following on the day of the race, particularly the first two, and Lord Derby's colt should be a fair S.P. bet. I selected Sansovino as the best each way bet for the Derby, but I am of the opinion that both Salmon Trout and Polyphontes will beat him on September 10.

Pondoland's Future.

It will be interesting to see how the handicappers in future deal with Pondoland. It was the general opinion, after he had won the Drayton Handicap at Goodwood, that Mr. Sol Joel's horse

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

Kempton Park, Wednesday,
TELEMACHUS, COVENTRY.

Thursday,
JOHN DENIS, AUDLEM.

Redcar, Thursday,
DARK FOX, SPIGOT LODGE.

Windsor, Friday,
ALGA FILLY, GROVINE.

Saturday,
PONJOLA, FIVER.

could take on anything at weight for age over a mile and bit more; but most good judges consider the Cambridgeshire course as requiring too stiff a gallop for Pondoland.

He might be a better proposition at Kempton. The Duke of York Handicap

is run "in twice" as the saying is, and there is not likely to be anything in the race that will lead Pondoland by much at the turn.

The Starting Gate for Jumpers.

Mr. Percy Whitaker has been the first to put into print his objection to the introduction of the starting gate into National Hunt sport, but he is not by a long way the only one who thinks it unnecessary.

The one thing that it will do is to greatly increase the natural advantages which are already enjoyed by the stars, such as Frank Wootton—looking very heavy these days—and George Duller.

It is pretty safe to say that this pair will have their mounts away from the gate first nine times in ten.

The opinion among the pros is that there will be an early return to starting with the flag.



Mr. Percy Whitaker,
owner and trainer.

The Dare-Devil Brigade.

The older jockeys are still making complaints about the neck-or-nothing brigade who, with all the zeal and dash of youth, allied to instructions to get a good position at any cost, are not being so closely watched as they ought to be.

One well-known jockey is seldom seen up anywhere nowadays on courses where the acrobatic stuff is an asset.

Put him on tracks like Newbury, Newmarket and others and he has got all the flash lot beaten. The latter are wonderful judges of pace sometimes, but not when they have nothing racing with them to tell them what their own mounts are doing.

Gallopers Hancock and his

RECENTLY we directed attention to the claims of a Touting Tipster calling himself E. Hancock who professed to be able to reveal the secrets of certain stables in the Wantage district, claiming that he was riding in gallops for a particular stable in that district. That someone using the name of Hancock is sending out and receiving letters at "Grove, Wantage," is beyond doubt, but inquiries made by interested trainers and others have failed to trace anyone of that name riding in gallops for any



HH. the Aga Khan, stable in the whose stable secrets district.

E. Hancock professes to know.

It is clear, therefore, that "Hancock" must be an assumed name, or else the person claiming to be in the know about stable secrets is an impudent liar when he says he rides in gallops.

Since our exposure "Hancock" has revealed a little more about himself, and it is now obvious that the stable he professes to know all about is not strictly at Wantage, but is the Whatcombe stable presided over by R. C. Dawson, and patronised by the Aga Khan.

A series of tips sent out by the man in the last few days refer only to horses emanating from that stable, and, curiously enough, though he did manage to name one winner in six selections, the winner being Tercina, who won the Goodwood Cup, he, with all his inside knowledge of the stable, failed altogether to apprise his clients of the unexpected winners from the same source, Mumtaz Mahal and Frater.

Missed the Good Things.

Yet it is obvious that anyone knowing anything about the stable must have been aware that these two horses, both under a cloud, had improved so much that they were good betting propositions.

But instead of advising them, the "Gallopers" goes all out for El Obeld and Diaquenod, two failures, while we believe that he also sent out Frater

on the occasion when that horse was heavily backed by the public to win the Anniversary Cup at Sandown, but failed, simply because it was not yet ready.

We suggest that "Dick" Dawson may like to hear of the activity of "E. Hancock" in broadcasting his stable good things, and that he may like also to try his hand at identifying this enterprising young man.

One from Birmingham.

Leaving the "Gallopers" for the moment, we would like some light on the individual who, in the name of Commissioner Bankwood, is broadcasting tips from 75, Church Road, Moseley, Birmingham. It would be interesting to know for example whether it is a mere coincidence that this energetic tipster should turn his attention to the same persons as received the offers of "E. Hancock" at the moment when our exposure of the latter may have caused him some embarrassment or uneasiness.

It may of course be a coincidence, but it is strange that the methods of the two should be the same, and it is also strange that both should have

at Goodwood

the Versatile—The Dare-Devil Brigade

PADDOCK PARS.

Tracery, who died last week, was purchased for the stud for the record price of £53,000. He was a bargain at that figure. Papyrus and Teresina, a son and a daughter, are alone worth the price paid for him.

Tracery ran third in the Derby of 1912 at 66 to 1, won the St. Leger, and would probably have captured the Ascot Gold Cup the following year if a madman, waving a revolver, had not run on to the course and brought him down.

Have you burnt your book of form? Morstet finished last in the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. A week later she won the Brighton Cup by eight lengths!

HORSES TO FOLLOW.

Tarpon.—Three consecutive seconds is the record of this unlucky Sunstar gelding. On the last occasion he had Equator behind him. He is a certain winner soon.

Runnymede.—I had a good word for this colt belonging to the King prior to his 100 to 8 victory. He was unlucky not to beat Flying Spear at Sandown, whom he gave over a stone. Runnymede will pop up again before the season is much farther advanced.

Telemachus.—Earl has been desperately unlucky not to win a selling handicap with this four-year-old. He has been short-headed twice in the past few weeks.

Houdale.—Captain Homfray's six-year-old completed a nice double for the code selections when he won the Metropolitan Handicap at A.P.—my other selection was Riverine. Houdale has been on the up grade for some time past and he is quite likely to repeat his performance of last year. Once he started to win he captured three successive races.

Breslane.—Stanley Wootton trains this speedy son of Battlease. So far this season he has run five races and he has only been out of the first two on one occasion. Back him whenever engaged.

Postbridge Filly.—This youngster suffered in the scrimmaging which took place in the Findon Stakes, and as a result was lucky to finish fifth. You can enter her down in your note-book as a certain winner.

La Melba Gelding.—Tabor had to bid 680 guineas to buy in this two-year-old after he had beaten some useful sprinters at Goodwood. Evidently he has a good opinion of the youngster. The gelding is by that good horse Llangibby.

King Throstle.—Bennett may exploit this selling plater at Kempton. If so, he should be backed. He beat Golly Eyes with ridiculous ease at Brighton.

Rath Duth.—Never leave this sprinter out of your calculations in events of five or six furlongs. He was the unlucky horse of the Stewards' Cup.

Too Eager.—Renwick will win in the North with this son of Sir Eager shortly. He was very unlucky at Ripon. He was practically left at the post and then only failed to beat Hornless by a neck.

Jansan.—M. Hartigan trains a very game bit of stuff in this Santol filly, but she is on the small side. She possesses her sire's stamina and will win another second-class handicap shortly.

Grovine.—Hogg has coaxed this four-year-old back to the form she was showing in the early part of the season, and she will pop up at a nice price before long. She ran up against the greatly-improved Scherzo last time out.

"SILVER RING."

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

Two Coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Mid-day (Manchester).

O 2 K E C Y F D Q I N X P S

A Z H J B T 3 G W M U R L V

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. K A N G O P J would read HOUDALE.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from August 13 to August 19, inclusive.

Friends

More light is here thrown on a disreputable touting tipster

fallen into the error of sending their tips unsolicited to a private school in a certain part of London, a thing that even the worst type of tipster avoids for obvious reasons.

Commissioner Bankwood makes no claim to be able to retail stable secrets, for he simply sent out a sheet of paper with a tip for the recent Catterick Bridge meeting, the tip being Damsel, each way.

It so happens that this horse did run into a place at 6 to 1, so that those who acted on the advice would not lose, but, all the same, we want a little more information about the Commissioner before acting on his advice, and it might be well if he could satisfy us that he has no connection with Galloper Hancock.

A Suggestion.

Before passing from the question of tipsters we should like to suggest to newspapers generally the wisdom of exercising a closer supervision over this type of advertisement, and particularly in regard to the claiming of winners, "proofed to this paper."

Tipsters themselves claim to be able to "get round" the rule imposed by

some papers that a copy of tips sent must be handed in before time of racing, and we have more than a suspicion as to the method employed to be able to claim winners in this way.

We suggest that it would be wise if all newspapers follow the example of the *Sporting Life* and make it a rule that no tipster advertisements claiming winners are inserted unless the tip were actually in possession of the editor or some responsible member of his staff before the race.

And while they are at it, reputable papers might take the trouble to obtain some information regarding the antecedents of the men who use their columns to get into touch with the public. Some of the claims made are obviously false and most are misleading.

Cut Them Out!

No reputable paper would insert the advertisement of a charlatan professing to be a graduate of the Royal College of Surgeons, but that does not prevent some publishing advertisements from down-at-heel tipsters who profess to be owners of horses.

He trades in his own name only—therefore he is not 'here to-day and gone to-morrow.'

No matter what your requirements are in connection with

TURF OR FOOTBALL INVESTMENTS

if you write to

A. H. WESTWOOD

(Sole Proprietor of the Business founded 1890),

YORK PLACE, EDINBURGH, or
LYRIC CHAMBERS, SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON, W.1

asking for a copy of the

"LITTLE BLUE BOOK,"

containing Rules, Ready Reckoner, etc., one will be sent by return of post.

**Absolutely NO LIMIT
at Starting Price**

PLACE BETTING
on all races with 5 or more runners.

A Speciality is made of
DAILY SETTLEMENTS

Winnings guaranteed to reach Clients on day instructions are received. Free postage.

FUTURE EVENTS

Paper prices are guaranteed, and vouchers confirming all commissions are sent by return of post.

FOOTBALL

He lays longer odds and offers more facilities than any other firm of repute in existence. If you are interested kindly ask for coupons.

A. H. WESTWOOD
EDINBURGH and LONDON

*Credit accounts daily or weekly.
Usually opened in absence of references.*

TRIALS OF MIDDLE-AGE.

What Some Women Have to Endure

Every woman approaches middle age with considerable anxiety because she knows this is the time of her life when trivial ailments may be the first signs of serious trials and sufferings to come. She has melancholy forebodings, which are increased when she is attacked by headaches, backaches, lassitude, and other distressing weaknesses.

How needless is much of this anxiety and suffering has been proved by thousands of happy virile women who have relied at this time on the health-help given by Dr. Williams' pink pills. The one thing most necessary to carry the middle-aged woman through her years of trial is pure, new blood.

Because of their direct action on the blood, Dr. Williams' pink pills are the one remedy praised by women for women's needs. They carry a woman through the trials of middle age in a most wonderful way, giving her new strength and vitality just when she is in need of it.

So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now. Of all chemists, 3s. 6d. box.

FREE.—Every woman nearing middle age should read "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to F.B. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London.

DIGESTIVE PAIN STOPS AT ONCE.

The very moment you take Bisurated Magnesia all trace of digestive pain ceases. This is because Bisurated Magnesia neutralises the harmful acid which causes the trouble, and so prevents all possibility of fermentation, gas and distress. It doesn't matter whether your ailment is indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis or some other stomach disorder, Bisurated Magnesia is just what you need. It is used in hospitals with every success; doctors ungrudgingly recommend it, and thousands of people the world over have written in its praise. YOU should not fail to get a supply of this time-tested remedy to-day—there is no quicker, surer route to real digestive health. Chemists everywhere sell Bisurated Magnesia in both powder and tablet forms at 1s. 3d. a package. . . When buying be sure to see the name "Bisurated" on the wrapper, as this denotes the one remedy that MUST do you good.

HOW TO GET RID OF COLDS AND CATARRH.

A Simple, Safe and Inexpensive Method that Clears out the Head, Nose and Throat.

There are many people suffering from chronic catarrh who would like to know how they can stop catching cold after cold, for they must realise that sooner or later this may lead to deafness and other serious troubles.

Dr. Blosser, for years a specialist in catarrh, is the discoverer of a pleasant, direct method that can be used by women and children as well as men. His remedy is made from medicinal herbs, flowers, and berries, which you smoke in a dainty pipe or cigarette, and inhale the vapour into all the air passages of the head, nose, throat, and lungs, carrying medicine where sprays, douches and salves cannot possibly reach. It contains no cubebs, tobacco, or habit-forming drugs.

Dr. Blosser's Remedy is effective in all forms of colds, catarrh, asthma, catarrhal headaches, and ear troubles that may lead to deafness. You will breathe better and feel better after using it.

You can get from any chemist shop a convenient pocket size package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes and prove for yourself their pleasant, beneficial effect.

Our Letter Parliament

Britain's Sweating Dens

Our Readers Air their Views on this and Other Subjects

Three Shillings a Day.

After reading "The Sweat Shops of Shame" I could not help thinking of a notice posted up in the Ilford Labour Exchange for part-time postmen. The magnificent salary offered is 3s. a day. I was told that the insurance would have to be paid out of that. Talk about sweating, and Government work, too! How do they expect a man to live?—*Manor Park.*

Why They Do It.

The article in your paper, entitled "The Sweat Shops of Shame," would cause me great distress were I not aware that the girls would rather live under the conditions described than accept the same wage in a comfortable home, with plenty of good food and humane treatment, merely because they are free to roam the streets with their men friends from six onwards. When the mother of a girl of seventeen cannot tell you whether her daughter will be in or not in the evening, we know whom to blame for this state of affairs.—*"A Harassed Mother," Barnes.*

Iniquitous Slavery.

The revelations made by Mr. Moseley amaze and appal one. How such ghastly working conditions are allowed to exist to-day passes the comprehension of man. The slave-drivers who employ these poor women must be monsters of the worst kind, and should, in the interests of humanity, be routed out and made to pay the price. 8d. an hour, slaving under vile conditions! A thorough investigation should be made immediately, and the whole matter sifted to the bottom. The honour of the British public demands it.—*"Shocked," Edinburgh.*

A Nightmare!

Threepence an hour for "fur pulling"! Mr. Moseley's graphic description of this appalling business is enough to bring tears to the eyes of a stone image, not to mention the awful plight of the slaves of the rubber trade. And this in a so-called Christian country! What will visitors from Overseas think when they read this amazing article? It is simply nauseating to think that such things should prevail without something being done to alleviate the lot of these poor slaves.—*F. B., Sidcup.*

English Slavery.

The revelations made by Mr. Moseley regarding sweated labour are appalling. We often talk, for instance, of boycotting cheap foreign goods on the grounds that they are produced by sweated labour, and yet, hypocrites that we are, we allow British maidenhood and womanhood, which we profess to hold in such high esteem, to be exploited under conditions of slow and deliberate murder. Are these conditions necessary to enable us to compete with foreign markets, or are they the result of the avarice of employers?—*S., Oldham.*

Fiddling While Rome Burns.

I have read Mr. Moseley's revelations with horror. Is it possible that such slavery exists in this boasted "Land of Freedom"? No wonder that girls go "on the streets," when, to get a bare existence, they have to slave in places which are unfit even for dumping refuse. I wonder if the manufacturers would let their daughters or wives work there even for an hour? And, meanwhile, we are getting the country divided on such things as the Stone of Destiny. I am a Scotsman, but it pains me to see M.P.s wasting their time and energy over it when much more serious business remains to be done.—*J. E. F., Montrose.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Are We Becoming Callous?

The article on "The Sweat Shops of Shame" is a most harrowing narrative. How such a state of affairs has been allowed to go on for so long, without a period being put to it, is surprising. Surely some of the leading officials of Trade Unionism might interest themselves in the welfare of our less fortunate women folk, and rescue them from a state of existence which savours of the galley slave.—*W. G. C., Mid Calder.*

Life on the Road.

What definite guarantees are being demanded for the moral safety of young and frequently unsophisticated girls who will very shortly join up with revue and so-called musical comedy companies for autumn and winter tours? There have been many disclosures of the perils and temptations of life on the road, and of the fact that sleuths are ever on the alert. The moral interests of the girls and the reputation of the stage make a call for the imposition of character guarantees, and men whose past is not clean should be prohibited from taking young girls out.—*"Soubrette," Leeds.*

Watch Germany!

Mr. A. M. Thompson is undoubtedly right when he states that the Germans will launch a war of revenge subsequent to regaining their military supremacy. The League of Nations force idea is only sound theoretically, for we have historical facts to warn us that the very business of appointing a Commander-in-Chief would produce friction, if not actual disintegration, in its personnel. Relatively small nations, by disarming prematurely, may gamble on securing the assistance of their bigger brethren should the need arise, but the only practical course for nations whose possessions tempt the rapacity of powerful neighbours, is for them to be prepared to protect themselves at all times.—*"One of French's Contempts,"*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS" (advert.):—"These records are PERFECTLY SILENT when playing. Call and hear them."

"EVE'S OWN STORIES":—"What do you mean?" inquired Mildred breathlessly, tears SPARKLING in her voice again LIKE DEW."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS":—"On arriving outside the Station Hotel he found the two prisoners surrounded by ABOUT A HUNDRED POUNDS."

"ST. FRANK'S MAGAZINE":—"He had QUITE RECOVERED from his FATAL wound."

"THE VANGUARD":—"It's gas," MUTTERED LARRY with a SHOUT."

"SUNDERLAND DAILY ECHO" (advert.):—"Spring mattresses collected, rewired, from 15s.; RETURNED SOME DAY; distance no object."

"ROYAL MAGAZINE":—"Yet she came into this country with a LAUGH on her dancing FEET."

"WESTERN GAZETTE" (advert.):—"Airedales—champion pedigree PUPPIES, three months. From three guineas. Older trained POULTRY from five guineas."

Cost of Law.

It is a crying shame that legal procedure is so complicated and the cost so heavy; for instance, a friend of mine, who owned a farm, recently died, having made his own will, and because it was not couched in terms in accordance with the Settled Land Acts, although to those concerned testator's intention is clear, yet trustees and guardians have to be appointed, costing nearly £50, and causing considerable delay in the selling of the farm, in order to wind up the estate.—*"Layman," Bodmin.*

Hospitals for Incurables.

I wonder how many of your readers, passing an institution with a plate on the gate-post bearing this description: "Hospital for Incurables," have considered what a dreadful message these words must convey to those having loved ones inside the hospital. Just imagine a member of one's family being taken away for treatment. On the allotted day one goes, braced-up, smiling, ready to cheer up the patient, and is suddenly faced with that ominous notice. How the sunshine will vanish. The loved one incurable! Possibly true. But why are these cruel notices placed outside any hospital?—*D. C., Rochdale.*

Burning Their Fingers.

Your contributor in his article "Govern or Go" has hit the nail on the head. However strong our sympathy with the Government (and I am myself a firm supporter of Labour), we cannot deny that the Government has failed, and failed abjectly. Unemployment, which is devastating the country like a locust plague, is as bad as ever. The Housing Bill offers but little real help. The Government is too irresolute to carry out the pledges given to the country, and all too apt to seize the poker as far as possible from the burning end. Let the Premier beware the decision of the electors, who remember those pledges.—*"Disappointed," I.O.W.*

"The Man Higher Up."

Your article on the traffic in worn-out horses will be backed up by everyone with a spark of decency in him. Some of the societies of so-called "animal lovers" might well devote their attention and money to the wiping out of this atrocity. They have before now wasted money on less worthy objects. There may be people who can make a living in no other way than by dealing in the pitiful wrecks that resemble their former selves only in their capacity still to feel torture, but they can just as easily export their dead carcasses as leave them to the mercy of the scum of the Continent. However, I suppose it is once again a case of not being able to touch "the man higher up."—*"Philip."*

The Magic Box.

"A Gentleman With A Duster," in his article "Great Magic Box Fraud," has written much that is interesting—and much that is not strictly just. In fairness to the inventor, I would like to point out that I have heard of this "contraption" effecting marvellous cures, cases which have baffled the medical faculty. In view of the fact that there are patients of Dr. Abrams' treatment who claim to have been cured of disease by the oscilloclist, surely Dr. Howard Humphries' ridicule is a little in the nature of a one-sided argument? JOHN BULL's deserved reputation for a "square deal" prompts me to forward this letter.—*"Interested," London, W. 1.*

A PURE WOOL TWEED SUIT FOR £ 5-5-0 £ 2-0-0

MADE TO YOUR SPECIAL MEASURES.

Wherever you reside we undertake to FIT you PERFECTLY.
HERE IS OUR UNIQUE PLEDGE.

If, after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry Suit you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Pure Wool Tweed Suit with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

Sent Carriage Paid at our risk entirely

FREE

The Patterns, Fashion Plates, Measure Chart are yours for the asking. Send us a post-card forthwith, when they will be sent per return.

WRITE OR CALL.

Those calling may be measured in our Showrooms.

A Genuine All-Wool Soap Shrink	An £8.8.0 Superfine	100 Per Cent. Pure New Wool
FLANNEL SUIT	WORSTED SUIT	BLUE SERGE SUIT
to measure for	to measure for	to measure for
£3.10	£4.10	£3.10

FOR WET OR FINE, THE
BARRICO TRIPLE-PROOFED GABARDINE
TRENCH COAT
(The Famous Four-in-One Model)

In either Blue or Fawn Shade for **35/-** Carriage Paid

The slight advance in the price of the Barrico Trench Coat is imperative through increasing costs of raw materials. It has been deemed wiser to adopt this course, rather than in any way reduce its excellent and far-famed quality.

A COMBINED OVERCOAT AND STORM COAT stylishly cut and finished, eminently suitable for all the year round wear, Summer and Winter alike.
DO NOT CONFUSE THIS COAT WITH LOWER PRICED GOODS NOW OFFERED ON THE MARKET. IT IS SOMETHING QUITE DIFFERENT.

The coat is actually sent on approval. If you do not consider it the very greatest bargain you have ever seen, return it to us at once, and we will refund not only your cash in full, but also the postage incurred by your returning it.

WE ARE THE ONLY FIRM MAKING THIS OFFER

Post us your remittance for 25/-, giving us your height and size, round chest over waistcoat, stating whether BLUE OR FAWN SHADE IS PREFERRED.

S. A. BARRY & CO. Ltd.
(J.L. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

Near Moorgate Tram and Tube Terminus.

How Wrigley's Saves Teeth

You have always known that teeth are not saved by merely brushing them.

Now Science knows why this is true and tells us what is needed in addition to brushing—a *something* that is best supplied by the regular use of Wrigley's.

A prominent dental surgeon, writing for the *Daily Express* of the 27th June, says:—

"To prevent the teeth decaying by cleanliness alone, the mouth would have to be constantly aseptic. As this is practically impossible, a small quantity of good chewing gum after a meal will induce a long-continued flow of saliva, most efficacious in destroying the numbers of tooth-destroying bacteria."

So now you have a sound health reason for indulging in the use of a delightful sweet.

Use Wrigley's because you like it, because it sweetens the mouth, steadies the nerves, comforts you when you cannot smoke or makes the next smoke taste better.

But use it because it saves your teeth by doing for them what nothing else can do. Use it also because it aids digestion—for the same reason that it saves teeth.

Use it yourself and give it freely and regularly to the children. Use it after every meal—that's when it will do you good.

WRIGLEY'S
CHEWING SWEETS

After every meal

WILSON
WRIGLEY'S
P.K.
SPEARMINT
CHEWING SWEETS

SPEARMINT, 6 bar packets, 3d. P.K.—4 sugar-coated peppermint pellets—1d. per packet.

YOU CAN GET THESE FREE GIFTS!

Just save the COUPONS on every packet of **'NEW-PIN' or BRITOLIC SOAP**

Only just a few Coupons and any of the Gifts illustrated here are yours **FREE**

Consisting of real Gold and Diamond Jewellery, including the famous **"SAPHARA" PEARLS**, acknowledged by experts to be the most perfect reproduction of real pearls. Our **FREE GIFTS** also include many beautiful and useful articles for the tea table, the dressing table, etc. You have only to save the coupons from **"NEW-PIN"** and **"BRITOLIC"** SOAPS to obtain any one of these beautiful gifts. **START SAVING THEM NOW!** None of

our **FREE GIFTS** bear any advertising matter whatsoever. They are exactly as sold at jewellers, silversmiths, etc.

THE BRITISH SOAP CO., LTD. (Allied with the British Oil and Cake Mills, Ltd.), **"New-Pin" Works, Wilmington, HULL.**

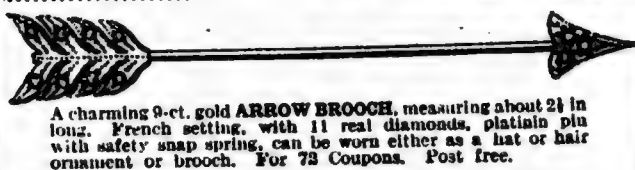
NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER SOAP MAKERS.

SAVE THE COUPONS

"NEW-PIN" Soap is the highest grade soap—unrivalled for laundry and all household purposes.

"BRITOLIC" is the finest health soap. It disinfects while it cleans. No household should be without these wonderful soaps.

NO MONEY REQUIRED



A charming 9-ct. gold **ARROW BROOCH**, measuring about 2 1/2 in. long. French setting, with 11 real diamonds, platinum pin with safety snap spring, can be worn either as a hat or hair ornament or brooch. For 75 Coupons. Post free.

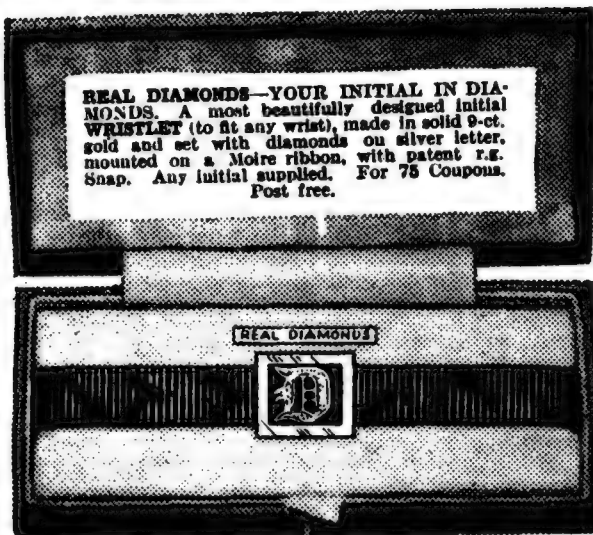


Wonderful 9-ct. gold **BAR BROOCH**, measuring about 2 1/2 in. long, mounted with specially selected **"SAPHARA" PEARL**. The latest thing in Brooches, as sold at the goldsmiths' shops and stores in London. For 45 Coupons. Post free.



9-ct. gold **STUD** with **"SAPHARA" PEARL**, wonderfully made, for both Ladies' Shirt Blouses and Gents' Shirts. Suitable for best wear. For 35 Coupons. Post free.

Handsome pedestal **CLOCK**, mounted so as to swing backwards and forwards, looks very nice on any Dressing Table or Sideboard. Good timekeeper. For 48 Coupons. Post free.



REAL DIAMONDS—YOUR INITIAL IN DIAMONDS. A most beautifully designed initial **WRISTLET** (to fit any wrist), made in solid 9-ct. gold and set with diamonds on silver letter, mounted on a Moire ribbon, with patent r.e. Snap. Any initial supplied. For 75 Coupons. Post free.



Coupons. Post free.



For 25 Coupons. Post free.



Coupons. Post free.



A solid 9-ct. gold single **"SAPHARA" PEARL RING**, the latest creation, with a beautifully selected suitable sized **"SAPHARA" PEARL**. For 45 Coupons. Post free.

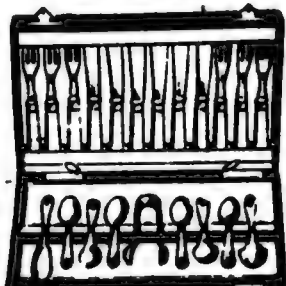


A 9-ct. solid gold **"SAPHARA" PEARL RING** in cross-over design as illustrated, French set with two exquisite **"SAPHARA" PEARLS**. For 60 Coupons. Post free.

CUTLERY—ALWAYS USEFUL IN EVERY HOME



Best Sheffield Steel **DESSERT KNIVES** with Ivory handles.
1 Knife for 12 Coupons.
3 Knives for 30 Coupons.
6 Knives for 60 Coupons.



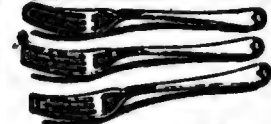
This useful case of Silver-Plated **E.P.N.S. 6 TEA KNIVES, 6 FORKS, 6 TEASPOONS, TONGS, JAM AND BUTTER.** For 100 Coupons. Post free.



Firth's Stainless Steel **DESSERT KNIVES** with Ivory handles.
1 Knife for 20 Coupons.
3 Knives for 55 Coupons.
6 Knives for 100 Coupons. Post free.



3 of these lovely Silver-Plated **E.P.N.S. TABLE SPOONS.** For 20 Coupons. Post free.



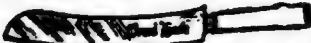
3 of these beautiful Silver-Plated **E.P.N.S. TABLE FORKS.** For 20 Coupons. Post free.



This beautiful **SILVER PLATED E.P.N.S. CAKE KNIFE**, with Saw Back. For 15 Coupons. Post free.



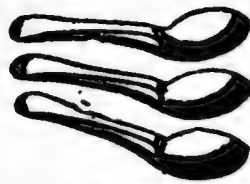
(One knife and one fork) of beautiful **E.P.N.S. SILVER-PLATED FISH KNIVES AND FORKS.** For 12 Coupons. Or 3 pairs (three knives and three forks). For 35 Coupons. Post free.



This most useful and serviceable **SHEFFIELD STEEL BREAD KNIFE**, with Ivory handle. For 25 Coupons. Post free.



3 of these beautiful Silver-Plated **E.P.N.S. DESSERT FORKS.** For 15 Coupons. Post free.



3 of these beautiful Silver-Plated **E.P.N.S. DESSERT SPOONS.** For 15 Coupons. Post free.

HANDSOME GIFTS FOR THE DRESSING TABLE.



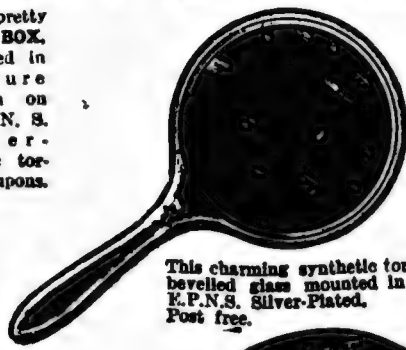
This pretty **PUFF BOX**, mounted in silver-plated case on **E.P.N.S. Silver-Plated**, with synthetic tortoiseshell lid. For 25 Coupons. Post free.



A beautiful **CLOCK** in round and dome shape, with synthetic tortoiseshell front, mounted on **E.P.N.S. Silver-Plated**. For 60 Coupons. Post free.



This tasteful **JEWEL CASE** in **E.P.N.S. Silver-Plated**, mounted in silver-plated case, with synthetic tortoiseshell top, silk lined and corded edge. For 25 Coupons. Post free.



This charming synthetic tortoiseshell **MIRROR**, bevelled glass mounted in silver-plated case on **E.P.N.S. Silver-Plated**. For 50 Coupons. Post free.



This delightful **HAIR TIDY**, mounted in silver-plated case on **E.P.N.S. Silver-Plated**, with synthetic tortoiseshell top. For 25 Coupons. Post free.



This elegant **HAIR BRUSH** in synthetic tortoiseshell, mounted in silver-plated case on **E.P.N.S. Silver-Plated**. For 45 Coupons. Post free.



This useful **COMB**, 7 1/2 in. long, half rake, mounted in silver-plated case on **E.P.N.S. Silver-Plated**. For 10 Coupons. Post free.

VOUCHER for 3 FREE COUPONS

This Free Voucher should be sent together with your **NEW-PIN** Soap. Write your name and address clearly on the back. Only one of these Free Coupons will be accepted with each Application.

J.B. August 16.

Motoring for the Million

Take a Leaf from Henry

by MOTOMAC

WITH some of the first-class political questions out of the way, we shall probably hear more about unemployment in the motor trade. Unfortunately, this trouble is always with us in the early winter months, but there is not always the same political reason for emphasising it.

Can the trade help itself? I think it can. To begin with, they have always planned for delivery of new cars in the spring, thereby encouraging the belief that motoring is a seasonal affair. Now that the use of the car is becoming general in winter, they might reasonably offer a bonus on cars which are taken in September or October.

The necessity for trade has already encouraged the early appearance of 1925 models. To keep factories going no doubt advance work has already taken place on these models. Surely, in times of financial restriction it is only a business proposition to offer a discount for early delivery. It is one way of eliminating the flat spot in the motoring year.

SOME firms, of course, are so certain that Free Trade in cars will lead to a smaller output that they are threatening to advance the price of their product to cover additional costs. It is the one certain way of making their fears come true. Increase the output and reduce the price was the Ford way.

Some of our nervous British manufacturers should borrow Henry's optimism. They will be justified as he was, for there is every reason for it. The demand for cars has just begun. A car is becoming a necessity to the ordinary householder. To possess one has become a question of family pride.

The British trader, in threatening reprisals, is advertising his competitor's product. Let him concentrate on proving to the British public, who are so rapidly becoming motorists, that he can build them a car as well as any foreigner.

From the mechanical standpoint, British cars have always held their own. From the commercial aspect, it has sometimes been forgotten that little things count. In the home demand for cars—and that is the demand that is operating to-day,—the woman often chooses. Equipment and upholstery, and even colour, are factors that will tell.

The man at the factory who stands on the soundness of the job will defer a little to the man in the showroom who has to deal with customers who are not always able to appreciate the mere mechanical. The designer, too, might wisely submit his new plans to the repair department; they have ideas as well, born of experience. Courage and co-operation have seen us through worse troubles than the abolition of a tariff; and I am certain they can produce cars that will win out in any fair competition.

For particulars of new cars and accessories All in detail and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 92, Long Acre, W.C.2.

NAME

ADDRESS

Information desired.....



There are now two models to choose from (Model B as illustrated) and Model C with a more powerful engine. Illustrated catalogue and full particulars of both sent free on application.

Easiest to handle in Traffic

The most nervous rider can feel perfectly safe in traffic on a Ner-a-Car. The perfect steering and accurate balance and weight distribution make it exceptionally stable. There is perfect control, too, given by the friction drive with clutch operated by twist grip, and powerful handbrake also applied from the handle bar. And no other motor-bicycle has such freedom from skidding.

NER-A-CAR

Mfrs.: THE SHEFFIELD SIMPLEX CO. (Dept. B)

NER-A-CAR WORKS, CANBURY PARK ROAD, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

No other Motor Cycle can make this claim

"BY RETURN" OFFER

20/- SARTOR 17'6

RAINCOAT for

TIME RESTRICTION REMOVED

In order to cope with the immediate rush of holiday-makers' requests for a SARTOR Raincoat AT ONCE, we have speeded up our workrooms and are able to offer a range of all ordinary sizes by return. This means that within twenty-four hours of receiving your order you may be wearing one of these famous medium-weight all-weather Raincoats. But you must first

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS,

Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Maids' and Youths'), and an accurate Self-measurement Form. The famous SARTOR is made from a fully-protected GABARDINE, with handsome check lining, perfectly tailored and finished with individual care. Send for patterns on a postcard TO-DAY.

SEND NO MONEY

Get the patterns first, judge their value, AND BE CONVINCED. When you are satisfied that better value cannot be had, THEN ORDER.

OUR GUARANTEE.—No SARTOR is sold without it. If you are not entirely satisfied, send the coat back and we will refund your money IN FULL. Write now to—

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO.

(Dept. J.) 63, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.

N.B.—To London and Overseas customers. Our New London Showrooms are now open at 220, Tottenham Court Road, Oxford Street. We cordially invite you to call.



SEE THE "SARTOR" MADE STAND No. H 256. Miscellaneous Textile Section. PALACE OF INDUSTRIES, BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION

CYCLES

PRICES FROM

2'6

WEEKLY

GUARANTEED BY OUR 46 YEARS REPUTATION.

Money returned if dissatisfied.



Packed Free and Carriage Paid

JUNO CYCLES

The Best in the British Empire

SPECIFICATION: Brampton fittings and hubs. Bowden bars and brakes. Reynolds tubes, Dunlop rims, Dunlop Cambridge or studded tyres.

LISTS FREE! WRITE FOR YOURS NOW:



BABY CARS

DIRECT FROM FACTORY CASH from

£2 : 19 : 6 CARRIAGE PAID

FREE

Beautifully coloured Folders of latest JUNO models. State whether Cycle or Baby Car list required. (Dept. D3.)

WRITE NOW

JUNO CYCLE & BABY CAR Co.

Props. Metropolitan Machinists Co., Ltd.,

168 & 248, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

FROM 65! CASH OR 1/6 WEEKLY

DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO RIDER

WRITE NOW FOR LISTS

FINE weather at last! Now's the time for you to buy your new Cycle—a Hearn Cycle, the best value in the world. For 65/- cash we will supply you from stock with a Genuine Army Surplus Bicycle, re-conditioned and equal to new. B.S.A., Enfield, James and Humber, all same price. If it suits your convenience better, pay while you ride (only 6/6 a month). Deposit of 6/- with approved order gives you possession at once. Carriage Paid to any Station in England or Wales.

SEVEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

You can test any machine for 7 days, and if it does not meet with your entire satisfaction, your money will be returned in full. What could be fairer?

Catalogue of other high-grade mounts free on receipt of a Post Card. Send for this money-saving Catalogue to-day before you buy elsewhere. It will positively save you pounds. Write NOW!

Hearn

(Dept. X), 254, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

Telephone: Museum 625.



2'6 Weekly

£5.5 CASH

Now all you pay for our No. 4044 "Mead" is the best cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colour. Sent packed free carriage paid on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory sold mounts, Tyres and accessories 25-35% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for test-ride and full art catalogue.

Mead

Cycle Company (Inc.), Dept. 2487, Birmingham.

GRAVES



WORLD'S BEST CYCLE. The highest point of All British engineering excellence. Warranted 10 yrs.

HANS REMOLD CHAIN; CLINCHER A-WORK TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; BOWDEN BRAKES; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; REYNOLDS'S STEEL TUBES; WILLIAMS' CHAIN WHEELS; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE. PRICE £7 : 10 : 0 (Ladies' Model same price). Delivered or sent by rail to approved orders for 10/- with order. Balance 10/- monthly if satisfied. Money back in full if dissatisfied. CATALOGUE Post Free. Complete range of Models. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.



AT LESS THAN FACTORY PRICES

I offer you the pick of COVENTRY'S BEST CYCLES on 14 days' approval. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. Thousands of testimonials. Lowest Cash Prices quoted. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS NOW.

2'6 WEEKLY

THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, 27 COVENTRY.



John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See page 21.

N. M. F. (Exton).—"Why are our theatres so empty?" Because the playwrights are.

Mrs. K. (Newark).—"My husband's new trousers are much too long." Try pulling his leg!

R. F. (Raynes Park).—"Woman's place is in the home." Many, however, aspire to a place in The House.

F. B. (Harlow).—"Born orators speak without notes." And singers that have to be borne sing without them.

B. N. (Woolwich).—"What I really want is a job I can get down to." You should try a little coal-mining.

H. K. (Town Ridge).—"I usually write my letters with a flourish." We guessed that you did not use a pen.

H. G. H. (Godalming).—"What would you do if you were in my place?" Work—and be thankful for having a place.

J. J. H. (Earswick).—"The nation needs a new spirit." There's nothing wrong with the old—except the price.

Miss M. M. J. (Glastonbury).—"Folk-song springs from the very life of the countryman." With a hay and a hoe!

C. C. (Dalston).—"Don't you believe in looking forward?" It all depends upon what you've got to look forward to.

C. L. C. (Broughton).—"Put a profiteer on to a day's work, and what would he feel like?" A fish or a dairyman out of water.

MURIEL F. (Birmingham).—"I have been kept in the dark for over a year." That's the worst of marrying a cinema proprietor.

E. P. (Ventnor).—"The modern world is plagued with wealth." Then we'd like to find the man who inoculated us against the complaint.

B. A. (Petworth).—"I know a man who committed three burglaries but has never been found out." Your story seems to us to lack conviction.

W. R. (Ramsgate).—"There's nothing which delights a girl more than alternately bathing and lying on the beach." Just a matter of "bob" and "shingle."

Y. H. (Trowse).—"I'm afraid I'm getting too old for exercise." Don't believe it, my good sir! When you get that fear, it is just the time to get busy and start.

C. N. (Whitehall, S.W.).—"The eyes of Labour are looking in the right direction." Except those gazing at the weather-cocks to see which way the wind is blowing.

T. P. L. (Dulverton).—"It is merely ignorance which makes a person believe that a sunburnt face indicates health." Therefore though ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be blistered.

X. Y. Z.—"Many thanks for your letter. Please send name and address in confidence."

N. A. (Durham).—"Can you prevent all evils?" No. We got your letter.

W. N. O. (London, N.).—"What does woman appreciate more than an old love?" A new dress.

J. H. (Framlingham).—"There's no fool like an old fool." We guessed that you were not very young.

S. P. (Lowestoft).—"How can I reduce the number of fools in this neighbourhood?" Leave it.

G. H. (Londonderry).—"I am saving half my wages to get married." For the sweet buy and buy.

P. N. (Southwick).—"The other night I saw a woman drink a tumbler of whisky without water." That was neat.

L. B. Y. (Southampton).—"What is your objection to 'Christian Science'?" That it is neither scientific nor Christian.

S. S. (Grantham).—"May you live, sir, to laugh at many of my jokes!" And may you live, sir, to be as old as your jokes!

E. E. W. (Manchester).—"There's nothing like 'go' in this world." Perfectly true. A man without go has to go without.

S. N. (Margate).—"Whenever I go on the sands I find them over-crowded." Perhaps if you didn't go on the sands, they wouldn't be?

E. N. T. (Accle).—"And so I say the end always justifies the means." There are exceptions. It doesn't justify meanness.

F. S. (Witton).—"The cards cannot tell anything true about one's character." Your inference is that they are a pack of lies.

G. G. (Romsey).—"Do you think that at my age I ought to be tied to my mother's apron strings?" We really cannot solve such knotty problems.

H. K. (St. Ives).—"I should have been married long ago if I could have found a woman who was intelligent." On the other hand, it may be their intelligence that has been the cause of your remaining unmarried.

T. M. (Devizes).—"My wife enjoys very bad health." There is no accounting for taste.

S. E. (Jarrow).—"Life is a big riddle." Yes, and sooner or later we shall all have to give it up.

P. M. (Nuneaton).—"What is the maximum penalty for bigamy?" Two mothers-in-law.

C. D. (Dungeness).—"I am ordered massage but it makes me tender all over." That's the rub.

P. G. (Ruislip).—"I have never yet had a photograph that did me justice." Touch wood.

H. C. (Hartlepool).—"You're a card and no mistake." We're the ace of trumps and don't you forget it.

G. I. D. (London, S.E.).—"I received a touching letter and sent him £5." He touched you all right.

J. B. (Aberdeen).—"Politeness costs nothing." That is why, we suppose, the Scots are such a courteous race.

G. D. Y. (Mile End).—"Is there a book published on the life of Henry Ford?" Yes; an autobiography.

JIM (Harwood).—"I generally get a bright smile from the girls." It is courteous of them not to laugh outright.

G. J. (Wapping).—"I can't get the hang of the serial story in my newspaper." The idea is to keep you in suspense.

S. G. (Sheffield).—"I intended my son to come into my own business, but he wants to be a doctor." You should encourage his idea to carve out a career for himself.

L. D. (Barmouth).—"Women don't make successful bank clerks." Because, we suppose, they are always altering their figures.

J. C. (Nottingham).—"I am writing this to you from the Wembley Exhibition." This is the first time we've had to complain of the place.

B. B. C. (St. Annes).—"Great movements all have initial difficulties." Quite. But we doubt if the British Fascisti will ever live down their initials.

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

G. H. (Sheerness).—"I made a large fowl run last week." Did you catch it?

B. J. (Southgate).—"Cricket is a slow game." Yet you can't score without running!

J. I. D. (Brixton).—"Beer is a funny beverage these days." Yes; it lacks gravity.

F. J. (Banbury).—"What will a shilling buy these days?" About sixpennyworth.

L. G. (Bolton).—"Bread and beer are both too dear." Truthful verse in language terse.

G. J. (St. Ives).—"I enjoy writing letters to you." We're glad they give somebody pleasure.

G. H. (Bristol).—"A lot of counterfeit £100 notes are in circulation." But not in the circles we move in.

L. B. (Putney).—"Does it always pay to tell the blunt truth?" If you look sharp about it.

L. P. S. (Holborn).—"He tried to make a fool of me, but didn't succeed." Perhaps he was too late.

M. I. (Leeds).—"Sir, you are matchless." Frequently! That's why we bought a petrol-lighter.

W. B. K. (Burslem).—"He never buys soap for himself. He always pinches mine." What a sponge!

T. B. (Highgate).—"It's no good pulling a long face." No good at all. Only means more shaving acreage.

J. L. (Southampton).—"Bullets prizes never come to Southampton." Nonsense! A Southampton competitor won £250 in *Bullets* 510—and a good *Bullet* can do the same for you this week.

R. T. (Tonbridge).—"We should be more patient with the criminals in our midst." Well, the Judges give them time.

J. B. (Lewes).—"The money I get is only an apology for a wage." Still you seem to be accepting the apology all right.

H. A. (London, E.).—"My wife says she will get a cheap hat for the summer, but she may change her mind." Then mind your change.

J. S. (Bolton).—"In these days of heavy traffic, motorists must have plenty of nerve." On dusty days, the pedestrian has plenty of grit.

K. H. L. (Christchurch).—"By one dishonest step a clerk may make a hash of his life." And land in the soup through cooking the accounts.

J. I. K. (Waterloo).—"I think out the problems of the day while shaving in the morning." It certainly is a suitable opportunity for reflection.

K. G. (Caterham).—"If women were at the head of affairs, things would improve." At any rate, there would be no secret diplomacy.

L. J. A. (Millport).—"In fairness, we must admit that the Americans have the right spirit behind them." Frequently—in their hip pockets.

W. L. (Gomar).—"This policeman is much more interested in his garden than he is in his job." He does look after his beet sometimes, anyhow.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Straight from the Shoulder

MR. SNOWDEN:—"We must secure a reduction in the cost of production. But not by means of lower wages. We want a revision of financial policy."

LT.-COL. LANE FOX:—"Agriculture has been far too long the plaything of politicians. It is the touchstone of political incompetence. And the farmers are no better."

VISCOUNT GREY:—"Everything that is inevident is popular at the moment. Oh, no, politicians were never less popular than now."

SIR J. SALTER:—"The ill's of Europe have been exaggerated. We fail to see how anyone can exaggerate the gravity of a tolering civilisation."

STEPHEN WALSH:—"There is no desire on the part of the War Department to flout public opinion. Then why argue about Lulworth Cove? Clear out."

MR. MASTERMAN:—"We stand for universal pensions with no questions asked. If ever your party is again in power that shall be remembered."

VISCOUNT NOVAR:—"The Housing Bill will not provide any considerable number of houses in a reasonable time. That is to be seen. At any rate, you have no better plan."

MR. SHAW:—"The Government has no intention of asking the House to pass any measure of compulsion. In fact, it seems to have no intention of doing anything in the matter of industrial disputes."

Proof!

EVERY day our Service Department receives letters from some enthusiastic users of Dunlop Tyres telling of their wonderful qualities and astonishing capacity for service.

We rarely print these cycle tyre testimonials—good service from

DUNLOP

is the rule and not the exception. But here is an extract from a recent letter:—

"Herewith a Dunlop Magnum Cover—purchased in August 1921. It has done over 20,400 miles. I ride 6 days a week, 50 weeks of the year in all weathers."

The every-day rider, the any-weather rider—always says—

'fit Dunlop and be satisfied

Dunlop Magnum Cord, Dunlop Roadster Cord, Warwick Roadster Cord, Cambridge Roadster Cord are stocked by Dealers everywhere.

Are you using DUNLOP ACCESSORIES? They make your riding trouble-free and are as reliable as Dunlop Tyres.

C.F.H.-462

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., BIRMINGHAM, and Branches throughout the World.



Ordinary milk, always a source of attraction to impurities, becomes positively dangerous during the hot summer months. To give it to a tiny Baby as food is disastrous. The only safe diet for Baby during these danger months is COW & GATE MILK FOOD.

The process by which COW & GATE MILK FOOD is made provides a perfect barrier to germs which the careless handling of ordinary milk invites, and which are the cause of 95 per cent. of Infantile Diarrhoea.

Cow & Gate Milk Food



Of all Chemists, 1/6, 2/9, 7/9 per tin.

Have you seen the COW & GATE Patent Stopped Feeder? Entirely different from anything else; you simply turn a glass stopper to regulate the flow of baby's Food. Has many other features. Hygienic, simple, nothing to get out of order, leakage impossible.

Ask your Chemist 2/- Complete to show you one. in Carton.

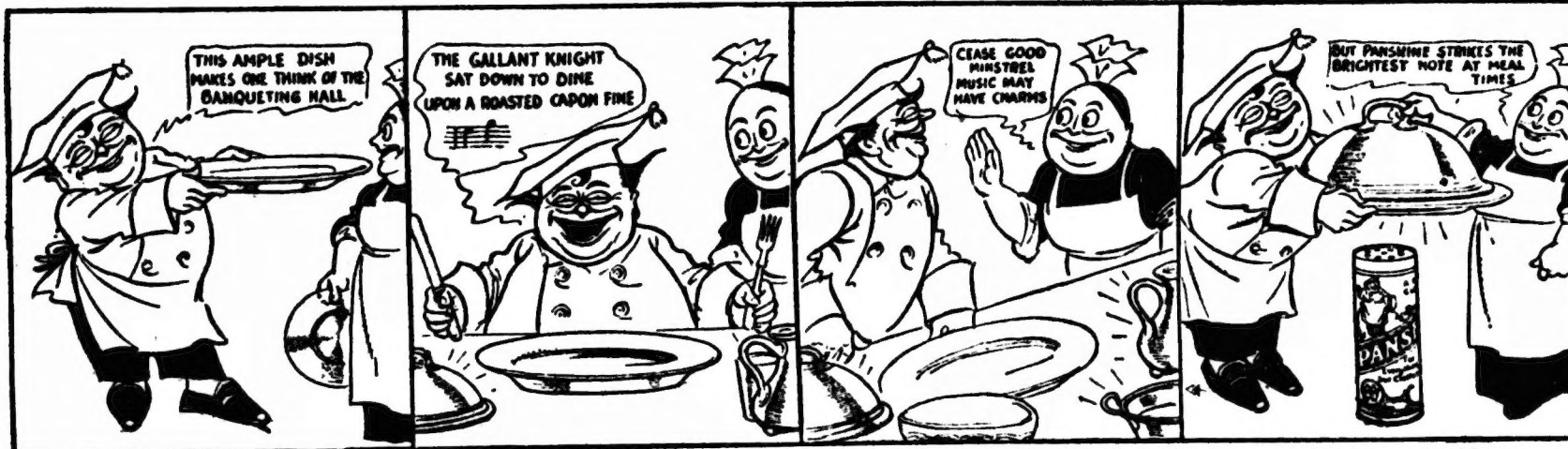
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Purest - Surest

THE PANSHINE PAIR

By CHARLES HARRISON



Fa 151-69

Drawn for Hodgson & Simpson Ltd. Liverpool and London



Save your feet and pocket

by having your boots and shoes fitted with Rubber Soles and Heels. The best obtainable are British Made by British capital and labour, and bear the name

Wood-Milne

Stocked by all Bootmen.

"A Tough Proposition."

ADVICE FREE to the GREY-HAIRED



ARE YOU grey or going grey? Then seize this opportunity of consulting Europe's foremost hair-tinting specialist, FREE. Be assured by him that the lost colour and beauty of your hair can be restored. The method he advocates is used in thousands of cases daily, in all parts of the world, with perfect success. The colour restored is a true hair tint, indistinguishable from Nature's own handiwork, and is guaranteed absolutely permanent.

To consult the specialist, call personally at 15a, North Audley Street, Mayfair, W. 1. The interview is FREE, and places you under no obligation. If you cannot call for any reason send half-a-dozen or more full length hairs from your combings, together with your name and full postal address. Send no money or stamps. The Specialist's Report will then be sent you under plain sealed cover address.

Write for
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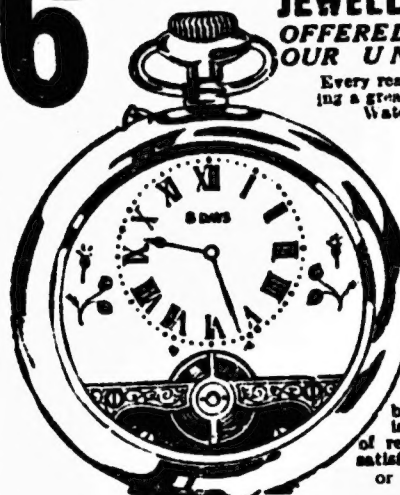
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Telephones: Mayfair 3046-3047.

6

D. BRINGS YOU THIS 8-DAY JEWELLED LEVER WATCH

OFFERED TO "JOHN BULL" READERS ON OUR UNBEATABLE BARGAIN TERMS.

Every reader of "John Bull" should take this opportunity of receiving a great bargain. This Gent's handsome 8-day Jewelled Lever Watch is for the first time offered on our unheard-of terms.



FREE. Handsome Double Pocket-to-Pocket ALBERT, FREE with every Watch.

READ OUR BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THIS HANDSOME 8-DAY WATCH.—Gent's full size Keyless 8-day Lever Watch, heavy nickel-silver finished case, Jewelled interchangeable lever movement with visible escapement of highest workmanship (8 prize medals). All latest improvements, including safety catch to prevent overwinding. Each watch carefully adjusted to keep accurate time. Only wants winding once a week. A high-class, serviceable watch. Fully guaranteed 10 years.

OUR UNEQUALLED TERMS.—So sure are we that you will be more than satisfied, that we send this handsome watch post paid upon receipt of 6d. only. After receiving watch, if satisfied, you send 3/- more and the balance by instalments of 4/- a month until only 30/- is paid. Price, full cash with order (or within 7 days of receipt) 27/6 only. Cash returned willingly if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days. Send P.O. or stamps now to: SIMPSON'S (BRIGHTON) LTD. (Dept. 507 94, QUEEN'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX)

Bald Men Grow Hair

Surprising reports are coming from men who were bald or losing hair and who acquired a new, vigorous growth by using a peculiar compound that awakens life in dormant hair roots.

"The front of my head was completely bald for nearly 20 years. Now I have an abundance of hair," is the report of Mr. T. J. Hanling. "All bare parts are now covered with a nice growth of hair," writes Mr. E. Arnold. Imagine the enthusiasm of Mr. T. Helliwell when he reported: "I have now a strong healthy growth of hair where I have been bald for 10 years." Mr. R. Stott reports even after only three weeks' use of Kotalko, bald patches of 12 years' standing were covered with hair.

Anyone who is losing hair, or is bald, may obtain a testing box of Kotalko by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 E.P.), London, W. 1.

SPECIAL LINO OFFER

CORK LINO OILCLOTHS

3/- sq. yd. 2/- sq. yd.

BARTOLEM Cork Lino and Oilcloths at bargain prices. BRITISH MADE. Perfect quality. Supplied DIRECT only.

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS and beautifully illustrated Catalogue. SEND NO MONEY. FLOORCOVERINGS LTD. (Dept. 38), Sartor House, Derby Street, Cheetham, Manchester.

RUPTURE

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Treatment on Approval

FREE OF ALL CHARGE

NO SPRINGS, LUMPY OR HARD PADS

Instant relief guaranteed. Call or write for full particulars. Booklet "A" sworn testimonials and Medical prescriptions.

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Le BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO. LTD.

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PERSISTENT SKIN TROUBLES



Mrs. A. Nicholls

Use Germolene for Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

Ulcerated wounds on legs and ankles often cause pain and suffering for years unless the proper remedy is applied. Germolene has been remarkably successful in cases of bad leg, ulcers, and persistent sores. The following case is typical of thousands.

Mrs. A. Nicholls, Cwm Cottage, 64, Commercial Street, Macclesfield, Cheshire, says: "Eighteen years ago I knocked my leg against a saucepan and a sore developed. This did not heal up, but developed into an ulcerated wound, which was eventually as big as the palm of my hand. I could not walk or work, and the pain was terrible. I lost sleep, and though I took advice, tried all kinds of remedies and spent pounds, I could get no relief. This went on year after year until a lady recommended me to try Germolene; I did so, and got relief at once. The dressing was cooling, healed the dreadful pain, and after two days I hardly knew I had a bad leg. Of course I continued the treatment; the wound became smaller and smaller, and my leg is now perfectly well. I am very grateful indeed for what Germolene has done for me."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH.

HOME PRICES: 1/3 and 3/-. Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

A Ninth at Nine to One!

Sportsmen Who Have Changed Their Luck

A FEW weeks ago we suggested that readers who like to indulge in an occasional gamble on the Turf might enhance their luck by sending us a "Ninth" of their wagers for "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

We pointed out that a number of punters were already in the habit of doing so, and that the frequency with which they followed up their first contributions with "Ninths" of their winnings seemed to show that the magic of nine often proved effective even amid the "glorious uncertainty" of racing.

Goodwood week provided an instance of this curious coincidence which should be interesting to sportsmen.

A reader who is a regular contributor to "Ninths" had backed a horse recommended to him as a likely winner of the Stewards' Cup. After he had instructed his bookmaker and posted his usual postal order of a "Ninth" of his wager he was seized with an impulse to make a supplementary bet as a saver on the ninth horse in the list of probable starters.

In most of the morning newspapers the list of runners for this race was incomplete, with the result that his money was put on Compiler, which won by a neck at the useful odds of nine to one!

But for that impulse our reader would have been a heavy loser. As it was, he

not only saved his stakes but gained sufficient to be able to send a substantial subscription to "The Greatest of These—" Fund as a thankoffering.

HERE are some further examples of the way in which the luck of the "Ninth" has followed unselfish contributors to our distress fund.

"Having been practically down and out, a kind lady and gentleman paid for us to get back into a business we had to sell nearly two years ago. Such wonderful people are seldom met with. To commemorate this we are giving a "Ninth" of the first week's takings to "The Greatest of These—" Fund.

"My 'Ninth' which I sent last week has brought me a bit of luck, so I have pleasure in enclosing a repeat order, and trust it will bring some other poor devil the same luck."

"I am sure of the magic of the 'Ninth.' Every time I send I get some little return of good luck. We have had very bad family troubles, but since sending our 'Ninths' we have had two rays of hope which we believe will burst into sunshine."

"My fourth 'Ninth.' Carry on with the good work!"

Whether you are believers or unbelievers, help us to carry on by sending us your "Ninths."

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and to persons addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 91, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Grateful Lucy, 2s. 6d.; "A Gleaner's Friend," 6d.; Rungally, 5d.; 6d.; F. H. (Aboakir), 1s. 6d.; "Cheddar," 6d.; "Ninth," 2s. 6d.; 1/6; W. 7d.; Stoke Gabriel, 1s. 6d.; First Ninth, 6d.; Specs 7d.; Mayfair Competitor's 9th, 1s.; C. H. B. 2s. 6d.; Melton Mowbray, 2s. 6d.; article from Widow, 1s.; Tailor and his Wife, 6d.; Thro' Lucas 2nd, 6d.; Alan Franks, 1s.; In Memory of Jack, 2s.; London-on-Trent Reader, 1s.; J. N. Stephen, 6d.; Poor but Thankful mother, 2s. 6d.; F. J. W., 1s.; M. Smart, 6d.; "Gladness Jeremiah's 9th," 4d.; "Little Dorrit," 6d.; "Well-wisher," 6d.; Poor Tom's 4d.; E. C. 6d.; "Prize-winner," 1s. 6d.; War Widow, 1s.; S. E. K., 6d.; M. J. E. 5d.; M. M. 6d.; 9th well-wisher, 2s. 6d.; Scotch Lass, 1s. 6d.; Notting Hill, 7d.; Mrs. Hester, 1s. and parcel; Tom B. (Parkgate), 1s. 6d.; Portsmouthian, 6d.; T. B. 7d.; W. H. P., 6d.; Widow's 9th, 1s. 6d.; "Dreaming," 4d.; Luck in Bullets, E. C. 2s. 6d.; G. A., 3d.; Edman, 1s.; Sandy McNab, 2s. 6d.; 3s.; Mrs. Smith, 2s. 6d.; Biddy, 3d.; E. D. 6d.; M. J. 6d.; M. J. 6d.; A. Beckett, 1s.; A. Believer, 10d.; "One Who Would Send More," 1s.; Disabbed, T. L., 5s.; C. V. H. D., 6d.; "Bit of Luck," 7d.; Saturn, 7d.; Hope Deferred, 3d.; H. E., 6d.; Constant Reader, 1s. 6d.; A. R., 6d.; "920," 2s. 6d.; "925," Ham and Bud, Reader, 2d.; N. Howell, 1s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 2s.; A. W. Miley, 1s.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 2s.; Carnoustie, 2s.; J. E., 2s. 6d.; Widow's 9th, 1s.; High Pike, 3s. 6d.; H. Anderson, 1s.; L. T. Davies, 1s.; Meols, 2s. 6d.; Believer in No. 9, 5d.; F. C. Howard, 2s.; R. Gillespie, 2s. 6d.; F. J. S. (Chorley), 3s. 6d.; Mrs. McLaren, 6d.; A. H. Smith, 1s. 3d.; "Optimist," 2s.; Mrs. Nutrie, parcel; Mrs. H. Vaguer, parcel; F. M. M. (Richmond), parcel; A. M. Gahagan, parcel; Miss Bull, 1s.; J. A. 1s.; A. Ashworth, 6s.; J. E. Keeley, 10s.; E. G. Rowley, 3s.; W. B. Snelling, 6d.; F. Berry, 1s.; E. C. (Plumstead), 6s.; Every Little helps, 2s. 6d.; F. S. Landon, 1s. 3d.; Two Readers, 6d.; D. J. Brown, 2 dollars; H. Edwards, 2s.; R. S. McNab, 2s.; "Tar," 6d.; A. I. (Aberdeen), 1s.; W. 6d.; 6d.; Stainland, 6d.; E. Purkins, 1s.; W. Fox, 1s. 6d.; Long Eaton, 1s. 2d.; Lucky 9th, 2s. 6d.; H. B., 1s.; Long Tom, 6d.; Pearson, 6d.; F. S. L., 1s.; A. H., 1s. 6d.; Mary's 9th, 2s. 6d.; J. Wilson, 3s.; W. H. C. (Barrow), 6s.; Collier's 9th, 6d.; "Seven 9ths," 6s. 3d.; Fed-Up, J. M., 2s. 3d.; Popper's 9th, 6d.; Anon, 1s.; One of the Nine, 2s. 7d.; E. Knight, 3s. 4d.; Bunny, 7d.; Banbury Competitor, 6s.; Ninth of Ninth, 1s. 4d.; Smoker's Unborn Offering, 6s.; 10d.; Bull Trier, 4d.; John Frost, 10s.; Mrs. A. L. Brown, 10s.; Billy's 3rd 9th, 1s. 4d.; F. J. L., 1s.; J. F., 1s.; Neath, 1s.; A 9th from Res., 6d.; W. Kettle, 6d.; Croydon Ted's 9th, 3s.; Southport, 6d.; Ex-Serviceman's 9th, 1s. 10d.; "Garden of Love," 6d.; A. J. C. 9th, 1s. 10d.; 2s. 3d.; E. W. R., 2s.; Rosewell 9th, 2s.; Manchester 3s.; "Tar," 1s.; Ellen's Punter, 2s.; Manchester 3s.; "Tar," 1s.; 9th, 2s.; C. C. 4th 9th, 6d.; C. A. C., 1s.; Happy, 1s.; Melton Mowbray, 1s. 6d.; "Clothes," 4d.; J. B., 2s.; First Smoker's 9th, 3s.; W. J. W., 1s.; H. C., 6d.; J. C., 6d.; H. K. H., 1s.; Miner's 9th, 7d.; Plymouth, 6d.; Cawston, 1s.; Mrs. Mathew, 6d.; E. A. Abbot, 6d.; Must Not Grumble, 1s.; "Bulleted," 1s.; Deptford, 2s.; B. E. M., 6d.; Poul's Weekly 9th, 1s.; "Shores," 1s.; Anon, 10d.; A. T. Burgess, 6d. (Many acknowledge anonymous unacknowledged help over.)

(Continued from page 31.)

137, Benjamin Rd., Wrexham; F. E. Raymond, 2s. Rayleigh Rd., West Kensington Park, W.; L. G. Rhind, 9s. Crawford Av., Sefton Park, Liverpool; A. W. Rice, c/o 118, Gloucester Pl., London, W.; F. W. Richardson, 31, Lady Margaret Rd., Southall, Middx.; E. B. Riley, 7, Imperial St., Blackpool; C. F. Roberts, 292, Rialty Av., Lordship Lane, Tottenham, N.; L. Robinson, 52, Park Row, Bristol; Mrs. A. Rochford, 133, York St., Hulms, Manchester; E. E. Rodgers, 30, South St., Sunderland; J. J. Rogers, 34, Wood St., Tarbach, Port Talbot; E. V. Shaleross, 493, High Rd., Tottenham, N.; C. D. Shaw, 73, Arnold Rd., Dagenham, Essex; F. Sherwood, 39, Ankerley Rd., Westcliff-on-Sea; Mrs. S. Smith, 38, Blackness Rd., Dundee; B. W. Smith, 1, Loftus Rd., London, W.; D. A. Speed, College St., Long Eaton; J. Spencer, 29, Borton Rd., Ashby-de-la-Zouch; W. J. Spencer, 10, Lynlewode Rd., Cambridge; J. Stead, 82, High St., Morley, nr. Leeds; T. Stewart, 19, Station Terr., Cwm, nr. Newport, Mon.; Dean Swift, c/o Mrs. Reid, 5, Eglantine Gdns., Belfast; C. H. Symonds, 7, Brailford Rd., Tulse Hill, S.W.; C. T. Lor, 192, Bradford Rd., Huddersfield; E. S. Taylor, 1, The Anchorage, St. Luke's, Jersey, C.I.; Mrs. F. Thompson, 13, Lonsa St., Nottingham; H. T. Trenelling, 40, Avenue Rd., Itchen, Southampton; L. Warl, 25, West Pottergate, Norwich; H. White, Sunningdale Nurseries, Winklesham, Surrey; W. B. Whitelaw, 24, Melrose Gdns., Glasgow; Mrs. J. Whittaker, Robin Hood Hotel, Clifford St., Chorley; R. G. Willis, 59, Rockcliffe Rd., Bath; W. Wilson, Stockwood, Redditch, Worcs.

List of 200 Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 530 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Office of "John Bull." SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for 25, 52 and 81 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 532 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four Coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 530.**FIRST PRIZE OF £250:**

M. T. S. ROBERTSON,
180, Clifton Park Avenue, Belfast.
Example:—ON HOLIDAY
Bullet:—TAKE CARE—LEAVE CARES.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. J. M. DUNBAR, JR., 1, Glenham Road, Barnes.
Example:—WHY SHE WAS CROSS
Bullet:—RESCUER USED A BOAT-HOOK.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. E. FIRTH, 1, Tanager Terrace, Foston Road, Staines.
Example:—WHAT IS A FLIRT?
Bullet:—LIBERAL WEARING RED TIE.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. BARBOUR, JR., 1, Glasgow Street, Thornaby-on-Tees.
Example:—GOING AWAY
Bullet:—BOSS'S CURE—MINK, PILLS.

FIFTH PRIZE £10:

Mr. F. M. SEVERN, 131, High Road, Baltham, S.W.
Example:—ADVERTISING
Bullet:—FINDS CUSTOMERS—QUALITY KEEPS.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

W. BARNES, 14, Bedford Square, London, W.C.
ADVERTISING—FOR EMIGRANTS, FRANCE SOON.
Mrs. W. BATTLEDORE, 110, Clapham Road, Lowestoft.
WHY SHE WAS CROSS—HADN'T LEISURE TO REPEAT.
Mrs. F. BROWN, 15, Surnburne Street, Off Carlton Road, Nottingham.
ONCE A WEEK—PRAYER—TILL MOTOR INVENTED.
A. CHELL, 184, Bucknall New Road, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent.
CROWDED—WITH "CUSTODIANS," AMBITION'S "GOAL."
J. T. CLEMENTS, 47, Grosvenor Terrace, London, S.E.
FACING THE CAMERA—HAT RAISED—OR LOWERED.
Miss M. LAMBIE, 23, Deanfield Road, Bo'ness, W. Lothian.
WHEN IN POWER—"NECESSARY EXPENDITURE"—OUT, "EXTRAVAGANCE."
W. V. MUMBY, 2, Hilda's Avenue, Perth Street, Hull.
NO ANSWER—"STATE WAGES"—I DID.
A. M. TAYLOR, Fairview, Banknock, Stirlingshire.
WHY SHE WAS CROSS—BRITAIN ASKING GERMANY NEXT.
A. WEBB, 224, Woodstock Road, Oxford.
NOT TAUGHT NOW—MOTHER'S PRAYERS—SHE'S DANCING.
H. W. WHITE, 95, Dudley Street, Bedford.
IN DISPUTE—RIVALS—SHE'S FLIRTING ELSEWHERE.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

A. L. BRITTON, 37, Bloomfield Road, Brislinton, Bristol.
SOUNDS ABSURD—YANKS SEEKING FUNNY FACES
A. H. FURSE, 25, Selbourne Place, Minehead, Som.
NEW SHOP—SHOWS SOMEBODY PAYS TAILOR.
A. GAMON, "Sunnyside," Halton, Nr. Runcorn, Cheshire.
ADVERTISING—SUMMER WARES—WHERE'S SUMMER?
A. LUNAN, 304, Loons Road, Dundee.
ON HOLIDAY—LANDLADY FORGETS APPETITE ISN'T.
A. W. MEREDITH, 76, Park View, Abercrombi, Aberdare.
WHEN TIDE TURNS—THEN STORE OPENS OPPOSITE.
H. T. SAYER, 2, Crown Walk, St. Ives, Hunts.
CROWDED—LIFE—WHY NURSERY EMPTY.
Miss K. N. SNEAKER, Montgomerie, Ardrossan, N.B.
NOT TAUGHT NOW—SPORT BENEFITS INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS.
J. A. W. SUOG, 185, Barking Road, Canning Town, London, E.
FLAT DENIAL—OF DEGENERACY, FAMILY ALBUM.
Mrs. G. THOMAS, 14, The Marsh, May Bank, Stoke-on-Trent.
WHY SHE WAS CROSS—LOVE RUNNING TOO SMOOTHLY.
J. V. WILKINSON, 4, Avondale Terrace, Keyham, Devonport.
FISHING—GETTING APPETITE—NOT SUPPER.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

E. G. Adams, 12, Davis St., Swindon; **Mrs. E. Adcock,** 7, Helena Rd., Walthamstow, E.; **L. Armstrong,** 30, Windmill Lane, Denton, M.C.; **J. Ash,** c/o Cameron Hospital, West Hartlepool; **Mrs. Barham,** 9, Wolsey St., Ipswich; **J. T. Bateman,** 24, Bridge Av., Hammersmith, W.; **Spr. T. Bayliss,** 8th Rly, Coy., R.E., Longmoor Camp, Hants.; **W. Blackburn,** 14, Cobden St., West Hartlepool; **Miss L. E. Bonner,** Toppesfield, Castle Hedingham, Essex; **E. Bowler,** 17, Regent St., Long Eaton; **J. E. Brooks,** 72, Northcote Rd., Clapham Junction, S.W.; **A. Brown,** 25, Radstock Rd., Fairfield, L'pool; **Mrs. G. M. Brown,** 66, Underhill Rd., Hull; **Mrs. A. Bridge,** 224, Beverley Rd., Hull; **Mrs. A. Bridge,** 39, Hatfield Rd., Ipswich; **Miss D. Burgess,** Chaplin House, Normacot, Stoke-on-Trent; **Mrs. J. Burke,** 754, Ashton Old Rd., M.C.; **M. Butterworth,** 22, 4, Clinton Crescent, St. Leonards; **L. B. Chester,** 4, Hilly Rd., Northampton; **W. J. Coleman,** 9, Menage St., Helston, Cornwall; **Miss O. Cooke,** 16, Borthwick Rd., Boscombe, Hants; **Miss A. Corkhill,** 91, Houston Rd., Glasgow; **Miss F. Coupe,** 23, Broad St., Todmorden; **H. A. Crawford,** Melvin House, Bundoran, Co. Donegal; **C. K. Dascombe,** 31, Chestnut Rd., Moseley, B'ham; **P. J. Davis** (Gymnasium) Victoria Barracks, Belfast; **G. Davis,** Coast Artillery School, Shoeburyness; **W. Dawe,** 102, Newbridge Rd., Bath; **J. W. Dickenson,** 12, Castle St., Northampton; **Miss L. Dring,** 124, College

(Continued in next column)

BULLETS FIRST PRIZE

2nd
£100
PRIZE

£250

3rd
£50
PRIZE

4th. Prize
£25

10 PRIZES OF **£5**

100 PRIZES OF **£1**

10 PRIZES OF **£2-10**

5th. Prize
£10

200 PRIZES OF 5/- 500 PRIZES OF 2/6 4000 TARGET PRIZES

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 532.

TEN YEARS AFTER
DEALING WITH GERMANY
OVER THE BOUNDARY
ON THE SANDS
OUR VIEW
TIME TO TALK
MY AIM
WHAT WE'RE TOLD
GOING TO WORK
USEFUL
DAWN OF LIFE
A TYRANT
STEP BY STEP
WHEN WIFE RETURNS
WON'T LAST
POORER NOW
WAY WE'RE LED
FOLLY
EXPENSIVE HOLIDAY
WHAT SHE FORGETS
CONVINCING
OUT OF SEASON
HIS LIFE
WHAT THE CROWD SHOUTED
IF FINE
AWAY FROM THE OFFICE
WHY SHE WAITED
SAFE BET
WHAT WE EAT
NOW HE WAS CAUGHT
OVERDOING IT
WHAT IS A PESSIMIST?

(Continued from previous column).

Rd., Whitchurch, Nr. Cardiff; **Mrs. C. A. Evans,** 22, Valentines Rd., Ilford; **D. Evans,** The Popular Stores, New Tredegar, Mon.; **W. Evans,** 74, Coventry Rd., Tooting, S.W.; **W. A. Fairbairn,** 1, Hart St., Henley-on-Thames; **G. A. Finch,** 192, Wulstan St., Shepherd's Bush, W.; **W. J. Freemantle,** 28, Forest Av., Fishponds, Bristol; **A. G. Gaul,** 71, Fielding Rd., Bedford Park, W.; **J. A. Gibbs,** 186, Portland Rd., Newcastle; **Mrs. E. Greenfield,** Haslemere Rd., Milford, Surrey; **Miss E. Haddon,** 26 Wyatt St., Kettering; **C. W. Hampshire,** Tenement Lane, Cheddle Hulme, Cheshire; **W. Harvey,** 138, Maygrove Rd., London, N.W.; **Mrs. E. Hildred,** 41, Rider Rd., Hyde Park, Leeds; **C. Hialop,** 71, St. Thomas's St., Bermondsey, S.E.; **G. Hudson,** 38, Withington Lane, New Springs, nr. Wigan; **C. H. Hughes,** 7, Grosvenor St., Jersey, C.I.; **Mrs. M. Isaac,** Mountain View, Howth, Co. Dublin; **Miss E. Jackson,** Brookfield House, Springs Lane, Baddiley, Nantwich; **Miss A. Jones,** Round Oak Villa, Revel, Berlew. Monts.; **T. Jones,** 37, Norton Bridge, Pontypriid, Glam.; **Miss W. Joyce,** 40, Hill Park Cres., Plymouth; **J. Kirkman,** 10, Fern St., Bolton; **A. Kirkwood,** 30, Oxford St., Whitley Bay, Northumb.; **T. Lake,** Kingsympton, Chulmleigh, Devon; **F. Lees,** 387, Oldman Rd., Oldham; **J. Lipman,** 24, Dulverton Mans., Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.; **H. Lowe,** 15, Forest Gate, Ansey, nr. Leicester; **Miss B. Marsden,** 5, York Rd., Waltham Cross, Herts.; **A. W. Maskell,** 26, Woolwich Common, Woolwich, S.E.; **H. May,** c/o 23, Radford Rd., Nottingham; **J. Mills,** No. 1 Flat, 32, Newburn St., Kennington, S.E.; **R. Murray,** 16, Pannure Pl., Edinburgh; **C. H. Nicholls,** 1, Clarendon Terr., North Rd., Plymouth; **T. Osborne,** 15, Coppice Lane, Chedlyn-Hay, nr. Walsall; **Miss I. Page,** "Holly Bank," Connaught Gdns., Clacton; **F. J. Palmer,** Rose Cottage, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth; **A. H. Phelps,** 24, Upper Redlands Rd., Reading; **W. Prytherch,**

(Continued on page 30)

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—A DAY AT WEMBLEY *Bullet:—FIRM PAYS—PAYS FIRM.*
Example:—NEEDING A HOLIDAY *Bullet:—"SPOTS" FLOAT BEFORE EYES.*
Example:—LOVE AND HATE *Bullet:—CHEMIST CATERERS FOR BOTH.*

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 532, John Bull, Long Acra, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, August 21

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(532) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed

Address

Closing Date, Thursday, August 21.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(532) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed

Address

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four words.

Closing Date, Thursday, August 21.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(532) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed

Address

Closing Date, Thursday, August 21.

Example

Bullet

Example

Bullet

(532) P.O. No.

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 30. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed

Address

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 533.
ANGEL OF PEACE—EVADING THE LAW—IF POSSIBLE—SOCIETY—ALL SHE WANTS—UNDER A CLOUD—WITH PRIDE—REASONABLE—MAN TO WATCH—WHY SHE DIDN'T MARRY—ROBBERY—AN EDUCATION—WHAT THE BUILDER SAID—LEFT TO OTHERS—AUNTIE'S MISTAKE—RULING CLASSES—BATTLE OF LIFE—WHATEVER HAPPENS—SANDY—WHAT IS MONEY?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 28.** All coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **533** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 533, JOHN BULL, Long Acra, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the thirty-two Examples f. Competition No. 532.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 529, can now be seen in the window of Mr. G. ADAMS, 142, New Cross Road, London, S.E.

Why crowds are dangerous

Mother—the health doctor



Mothers know dirt, for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Health Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.

*Buy a carton
to-day*



**Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH**

2 268—14



ON the street—in school—in public places—your children come face to face with disease. The grime they collect on face and hands is mute evidence of countless dangerous contacts.

That grime is not "clean dirt"—but a product of city congestion—containing millions of invisible enemies to health.

What mothers must do

You cannot keep children from this ever-present disease-dirt. But you mothers, the health doctors, can and should do everything possible to prevent its deadly effects. All the health authorities in the world ask your co-operation.

Make sure that your children are really clean when they wash themselves. Ordinary cleanliness is not enough. They need the rich, purifying lather of Lifebuoy

with its unique health ingredient to go down deep into the dirt-clogged pores and combat the dangers ever-present in dirt. The pungent, healthful odour of Lifebuoy proves the presence of this extra element.

Because of its rich oils, Lifebuoy is most grateful to youthful, sensitive skins. And many blemishes yield to Lifebuoy's sanative, stimulating action. Men delight in Lifebuoy lather.

Why Lifebuoy leads

But the real reason why Lifebuoy is one of the most widely used soaps in the world is that millions of mothers have proved it to be the health soap. Rely on Lifebuoy. Put a cake of Lifebuoy at every place in the house where hands are washed. Lifebuoy protects health. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.